



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE



THE DOLL MAN



SPIN SHAW



POISON IVY



SAMAR

PULL
THAT
STRING,
LALA... I'LL
SEE WHAT
HAPPENS
!!



No. 45 • 10¢



WEB COMIC
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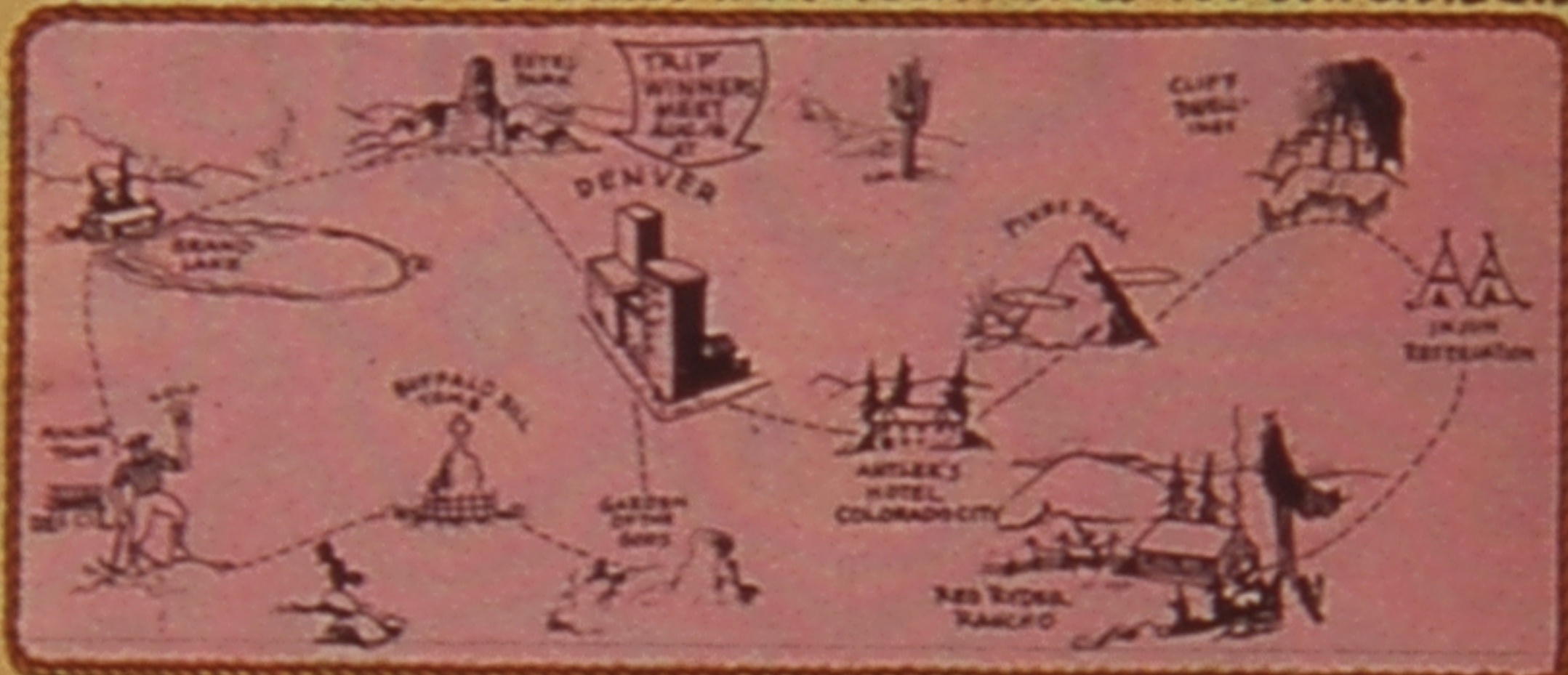
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OFFERS 2 FREE TRIPS TO

FAMOUS CARTOONIST'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

-ALSO 5 RECORDIOS-101 DAISY TARGETEER PISTOLS-100 GUN BRACKETS



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FOR AIR-MINDED BOYS



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Look for this name-plate on a Genuine Columbia... the best known name in bicycles.



Columbia

**AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 - FIRST IN 1941**

The

DOLL MAN

BY
William
Crain
THAYER

SOON,
AMIGOS!
ALL THE
JEWELS
IN MEXICO
WILL BE
MINE!

ALONG A DUSTY ROAD
UNDER THE BLUE MEXICAN
SKY, AN OLD FAT PEON
JOGS ALONG... HIS BURRO
IS NOT IN A HURRY... IT
WOULD SEEM THAT NOTHING
EXCITING COULD EVER
HAPPEN TO THESE TWO.

SANCHO HUMS A
SLOW BUT HAPPY
TUNE... HE SUS-
PECTS NOTHING.

WHILE THE
DOLL MAN IS A
REAR WITCH-
HAKER...



THE TINY MAN GRIDS A CACTUS THORN AND APPLIES IT VIOLENTLY



TO SANCHE'S HORROR, THE BURRO STRADDLES HIM AND STARTS SPEAKING.

HOWEVER IT IS ONLY THE DOLL MAN, PERCHED BETWEEN THE DONKEY'S EARS.



LIE QUIETLY, OLD MAN. I WISH TO TALK TO YOU!

YOU HAVE BEEN A TRUSTED SERVANT IN THE HOUSE OF DONNA ISABELLA MANY YEARS.

WHY THEN DID YOU STEAL HER JEWELS? AND WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THEM?



CARAMBA! I AM MAD!

BUT... BUT... I DON'T HAVE THEM! I WAS ONLY DOING THE BIDDING OF DON HERNANDEZ HE PAID ME!

WITH THESE WORDS, SANCHE LEAPS QUICKLY TO HIS FEET AND DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF DUST.



HA* HA* WE'LL LET HIM GO. HE'S TOLD US ALL WE NEED TO KNOW. EH, RIVERA!



THAT NIGHT, AT HER BEAUTIFUL HACIENDA, DONNA ISABELLA IS ENTERTAINING WEEK-END GUESTS... AS SHE CONVERSES WITH DARREL DANE...



I'M SO SORRY YOUR STAY WAS MADE UNPLEASANT BY THE RECENT THEFT OF MY FAMILY JEWELS!



WE THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THE SERVANTS!



OH YES, HE'S A HIGHLY RESPECTED MAN... HE'S FROM A FINE CASTILIAN FAMILY... HE LIVES IN DORADO!

YES INDEED... FINE MAN... FINE MAN!



BUT GETTING BACK TO THE SUBJECT OF STOLEN GEMS... THERE HAVE BEEN AN AMAZING NUMBER OF JEWEL ROBBERIES... ALL FROM THE JEWEL COLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT FAMILIES!



I BEG YOUR PARDON, DONNA ISABELLA, BUT HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING OF A DON HERNANDEZ?

THE NEXT DAY DARREL CUTS HIS VISIT SHORT.



IT IS WITH GREAT SORROW THAT I LEAVE, SENORITA, BUT I MUST RETURN TO NEW YORK... BUSINESS YOU KNOW!

YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, MR. DANE... WE ARE SORRY TO SEE YOU GO!



DORADO, EH? WELL, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THAT PICTURESQUE TOWN... I'LL PAY A SURPRISE VISIT TO DON HERNANDEZ.

SOON DARREL DANE ENTERS THE HISTORIC TOWN OF DORADO, ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF SPANISH CONQUERORS.



A FESTIVAL CROWDS THE WINDING STREETS WITH SHOUTING JOYFUL MERRYMAKERS.



DARREL IS SWEEPED ALONG WITH THE HARRY TIDE OF LAUGHING PEONS.



THIS IS WHAT I CALL FUN! IF I DIDN'T HAVE WORK TO DO, I'D KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!



BUT BEFORE HIM LOOMS THE MAGNIFICENT TURRETED VILLA OF DON HERNANDEZ, UP TO WHOSE BATES THE GAY PROCESSION WINDS, PERPETUATING AN ANCIENT CUSTOM OF PAYING HOMAGE TO THEIR LORD.



IN THE VAST HALL DANE SHEDS HIS ROBES OF FLOWERS, AND IN HIS PLACE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS. HE QUICKLY SLIPS INTO A PUPPET ATTIRE LYING ON THE FLOOR.



IN THIS GROTESQUE DISGUISE HE HOPS ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR.



WHOOOPS!

THE DEVIL DOLL DANCES!!

POCO TEMPO VAMOOSE! (PRETTY SOON / SCRAM!!)



TERROR-STRICKEN, THE
NATIVES FLEE AS THE
LITTLE FIGURE RACES
ACROSS THE HALL.



THE DOLLMAN WAITS IN A
SMALL ANTEROOM.



PRESENTLY DON-
NANDEZ AND SEVERAL OF
HIS HENCHMEN ENTER.



THESE CELEBRATIONS
ARE A DEADLY BORE,
BUT ONE MUST HUMOR
THE PEASANTRY
EH, CHICO?

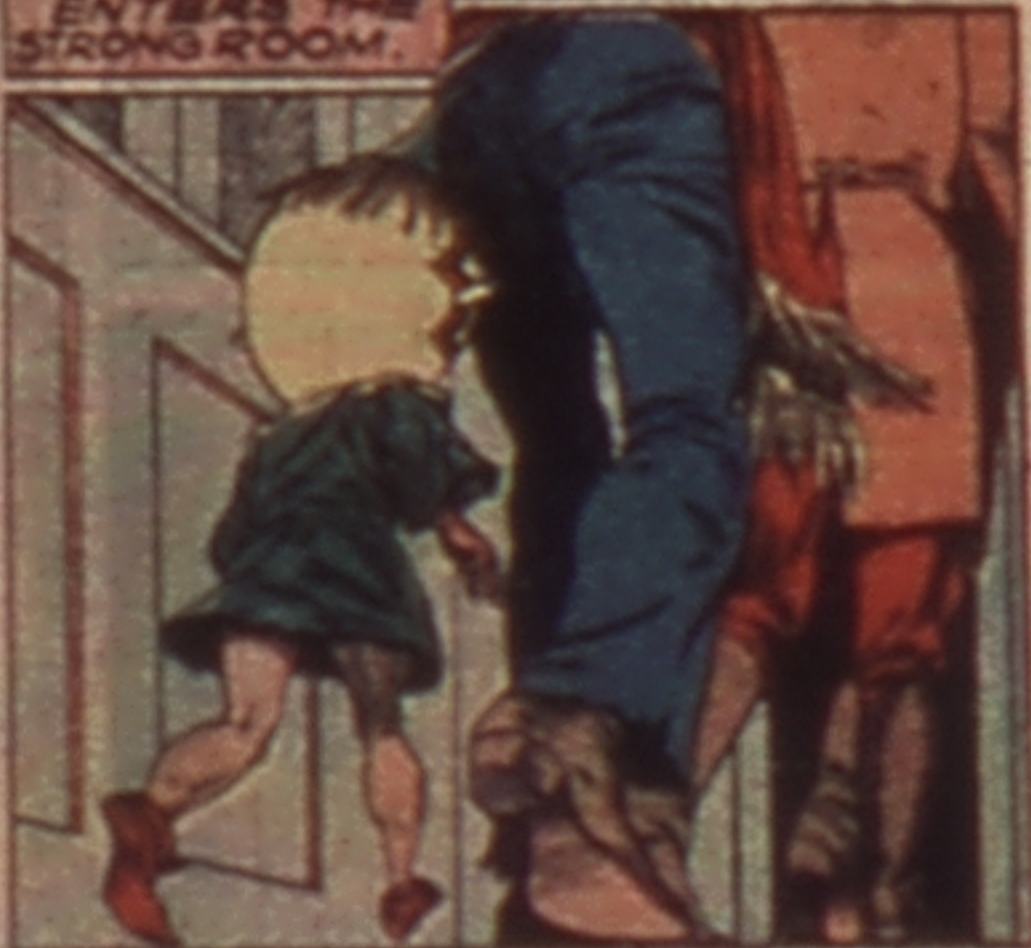
SI
SEÑORI!



BUT I HAVE GOOD
NEWS! I HAVE JUST
RECEIVED THE
ISABELLA JEWELS.
COME! I WILL SHOW
YOU..



THE DOLLMAN FOLLOWS CLOSE
ON THEIR HEELS.. THE TRIO
ENTERS THE
STRONG ROOM.



MARVELOUS
AREN'T THEY
AMIGOS?



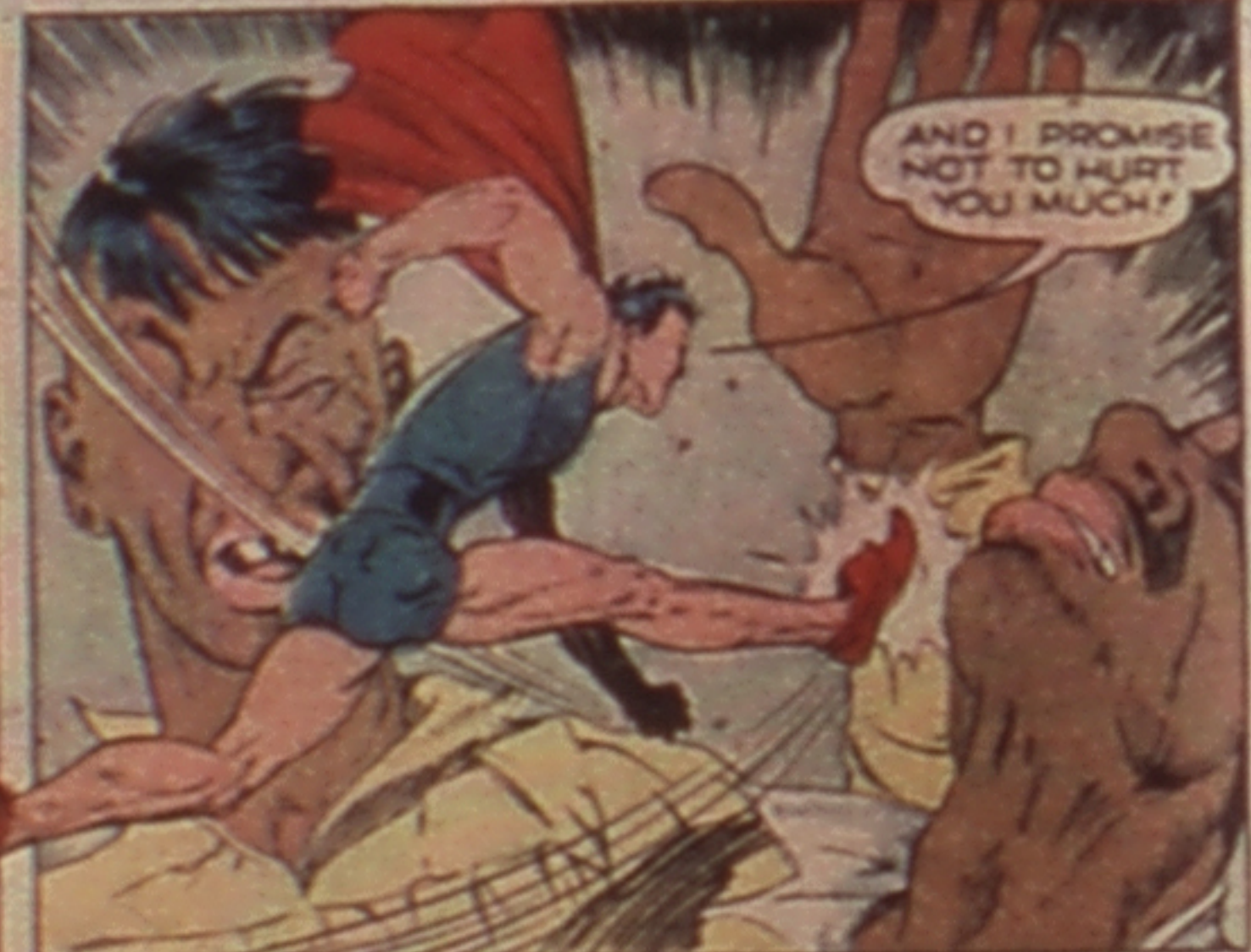
YEAH, BUT
THAT ICE
MIGHT BE
TOO HOT
TO HANDLE,
DON!

DEMONIOS!
DIABLO!

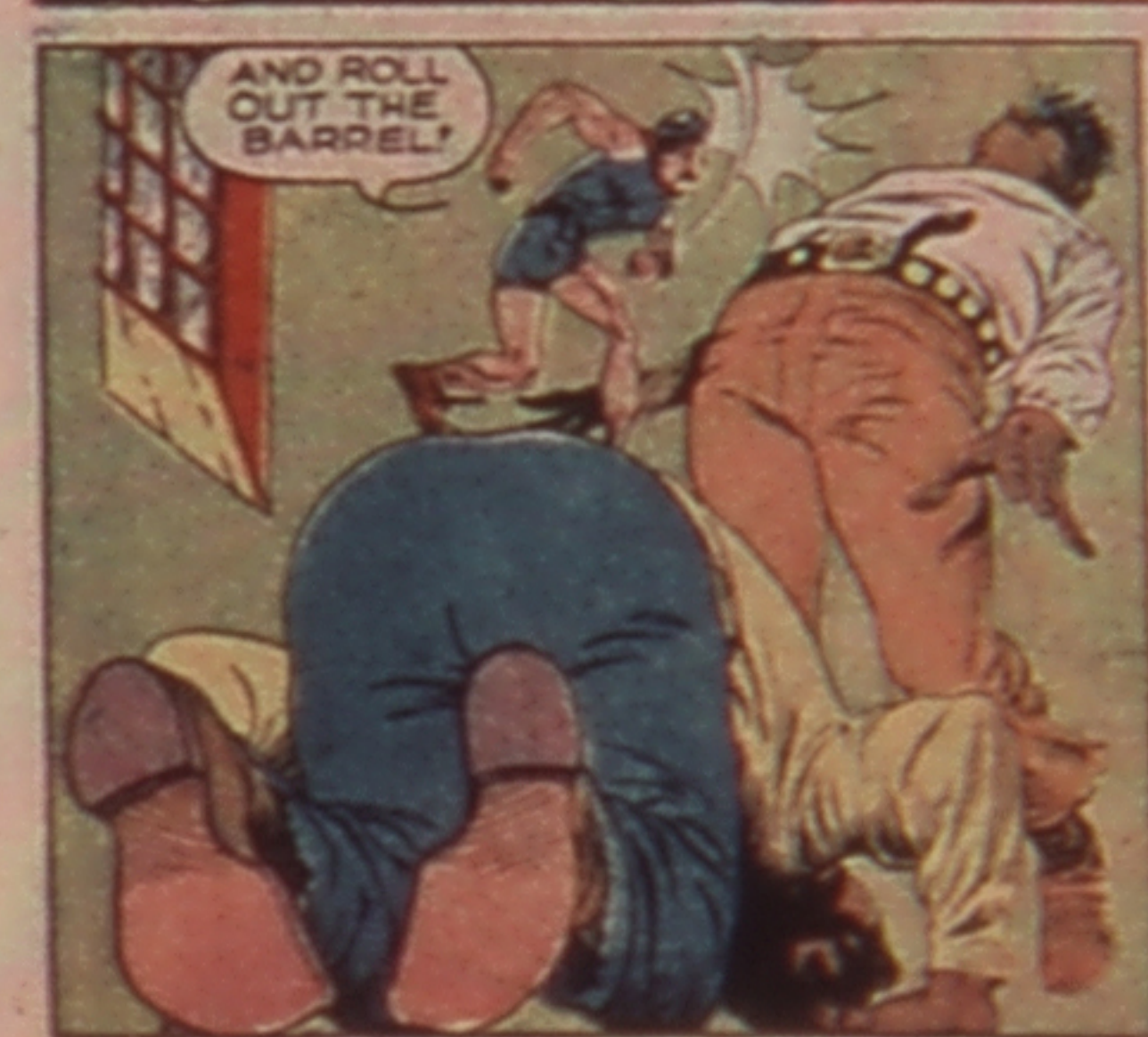
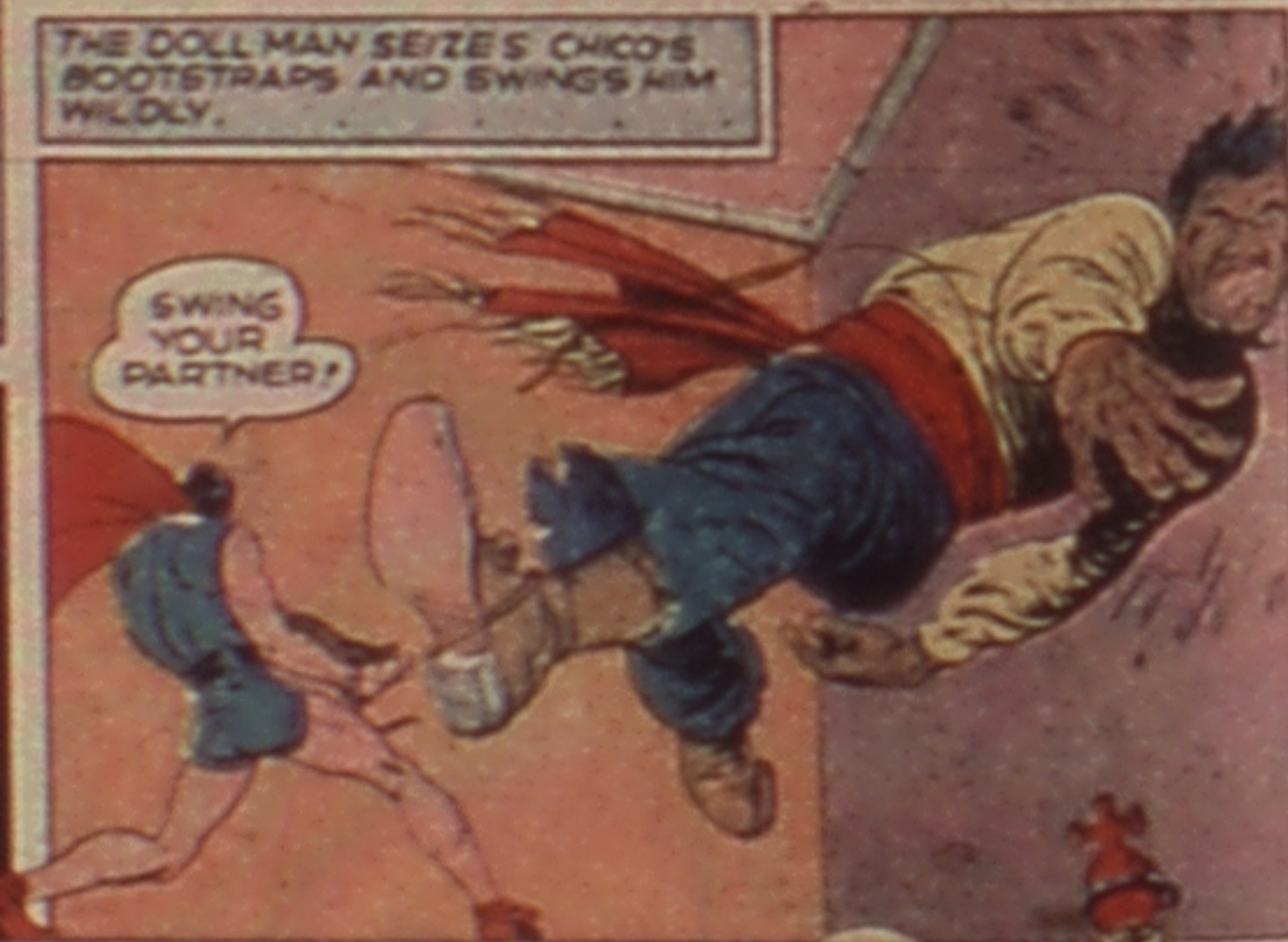


MAORE MIA!

WOO!
WOO!



THE DOLL MAN SEIZES CHICO'S BOOTSTRAPS AND SWINGS HIM WILDLY.



CHICO AND HIS PAL ARE DONE...
THE DOLL MAN LEADS TO
THE TABLE TO EXAMINE THE
JEWELS.



WHAT A
TREASURE!
A KING'S
RANSOM!



AH, SIR
DOLL MAN,
NOW AIN'T
YOU THE
CAT'S WHISK-
ERS!



DEEP IN CONTEMPLATION, HE IS
BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF
APPROACHING DANGER.



LEETLE
MOSQUITO,
WHAT YOU
DO IN MASTER'S
JEWELS?



THE GIANT PLODS
OUT OF THE
STRONGROOM.



I FIX
YOU SO
YOU MAKE
NO TROUBLE
NO MORE!

WE
GO IN
GARDEN!



THEN ME
PUT YOU TO
BED IN NICE
STRONG
BOX?

HEY!
WHAT GOES
ON HERE?





THE DON PROVES THAT EVEN A CORNERED RAT WILL FIGHT.



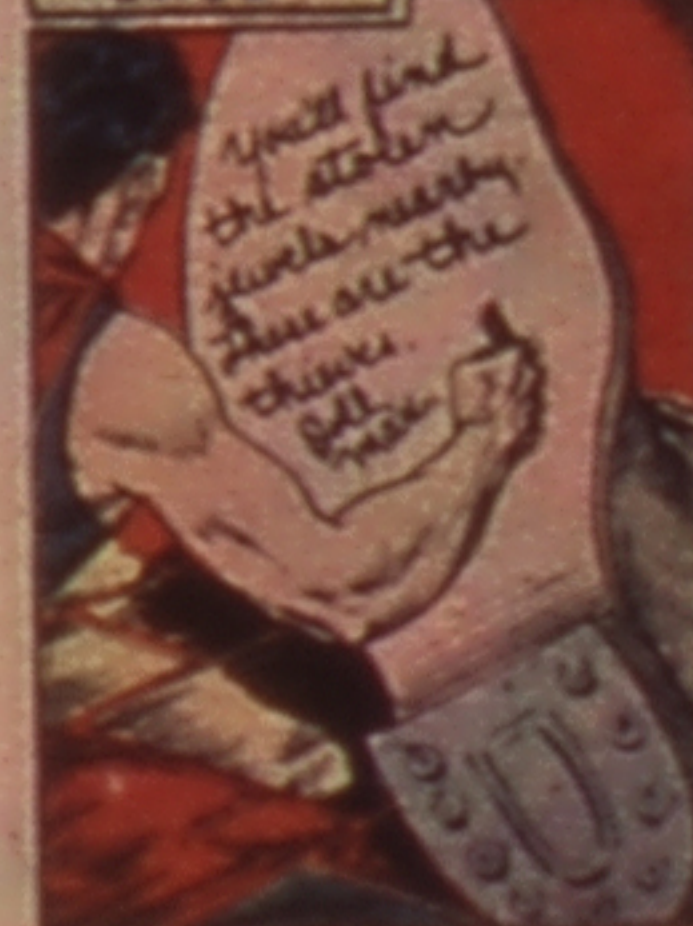
A MURDEROUS HALBERD CLEAVES THE FLOOR WHERE THE DOLL MAN HAS JUST BEEN STANDING.



SEIZING THE AX THE DOLL MAN SWINGS A WIDE ARC.



THE ENEMY IS SOON VANQUISHED. THE DOLL MAN LEAVES A NOTE FOR THE POLICE.



Don't miss the next sensational adventure of The Doll Man in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

BY
GILL
FOX

THE MIGHTY MITE

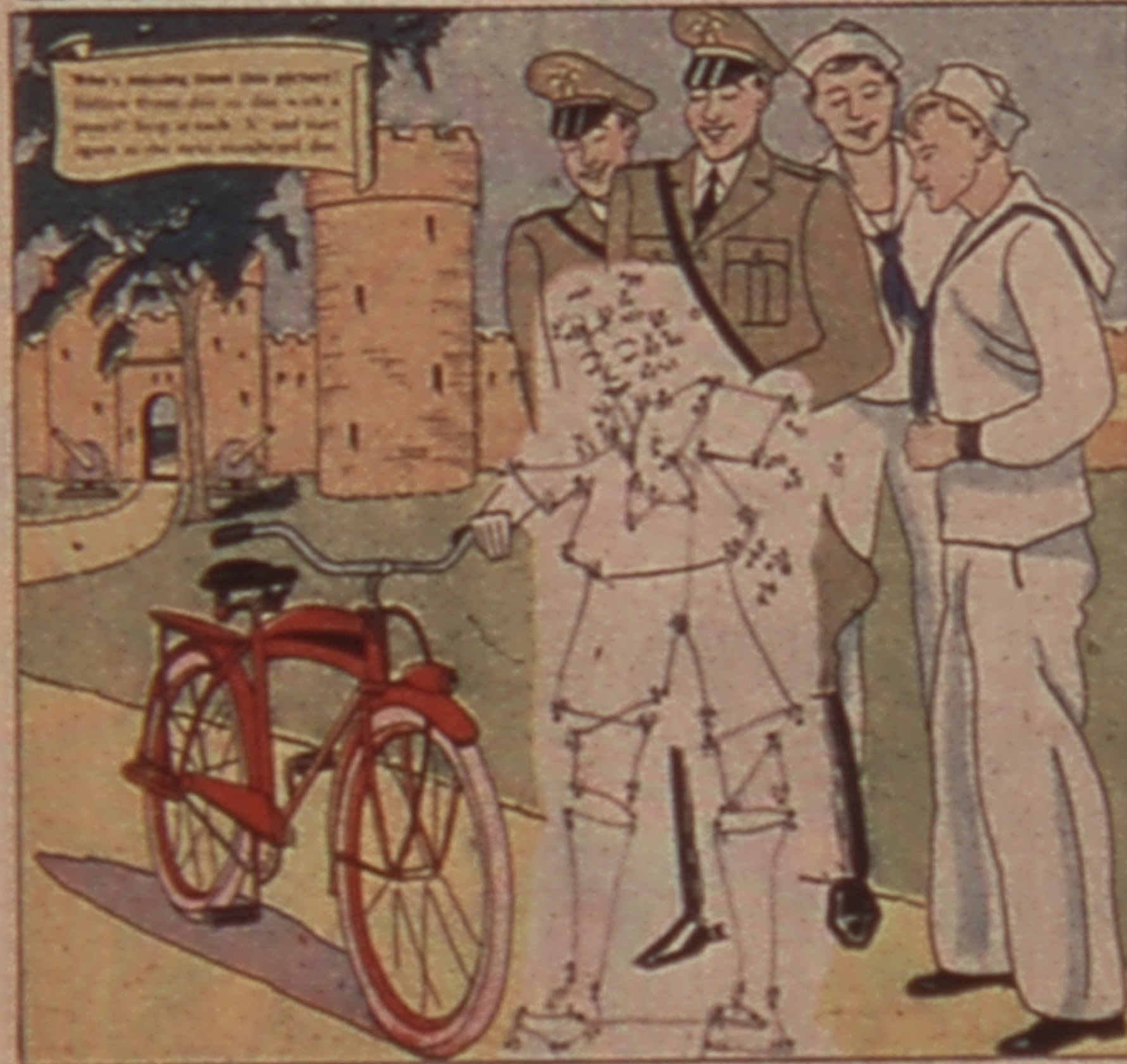


HMM...



AH, THERE'S TH' NECK
AND NECK MOVIE
STUDIOS, NOW!





Give yourself
a "Break"!

Get a Morrow, today!

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Enjoy Poison Ivy each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

RANCE KEANE

BY BILL ARTHUR

RANCE KEANE'S GOT THE SMELL OF THE SEA IN HIS NOSTRILS. THE SALTY TANG OF ADVENTURE IN HIS BLOOD... IN FACT, HIS FRIEND REEVEE LEE CAN'T GET HIM LOOSE FROM THE WHARF WHERE RANCE WAS CAT BY THE HOUR, EVER SINCE A RESCUE SHIP SET THEM ASHORE IN SAN FRANCISCO.....

FOR GOSH SAKES, RANCE, IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE WE GET BACK TO THE HOTEL. IT'S AFTER DINNER TIME ALREADY!

A COUPLE HOURS LATER.....

GOODBYE, MR. TOPPING, AND THANKS A LOT!

YIPPEE! LOOK AT THE NIFTY FILLY COMING OUTA HARVEY TOPPING'S!

PSST! NIK, PEEWEE!

HOWDY, MA'AM, DIDN'T I MEET YOU IN BOISE, IDAHO ONCE?

FRESH!

A MINUTE OR SO LATER IN THEIR FRIEND HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL SUITE.....

WHO WAS THE CHARMING LADY THAT JUST LEFT, HARVEY?

CHARMING? SHE'S A LADY PRIZE FIGHTER!

NONSENSE, PEEWEE.... THAT WAS MARY MC DERMOT, SHARK EGAN'S BUSINESS PARTNER.

I LEFT THEM THE MONEY TO FINANCE A PEARLING SCHOONER IN THE SOUTH SEAS, AND MARY CAME TO PAY ME BACK. THEY'RE SAILING AWAY AGAIN TOMORROW.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A RUSH?

I GOTTA SEE A SAILING MAN ABOUT A DIVING SUIT!

HEY, RANCE, WAIT FOR PEEWEE!



DOWN ALONG THE WATERFRONT.....

BUT WHY FOLLOW THIS LADY SLUGGER, RANCEY?

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME... I WANT TO MEET THIS SHARK EYAN. HE'S ON HIS SO-CALLED "THE CORSAIR" SOMEWHERE ALONG THE DOCKS.....



TWO WHITE MEN FOLLOW MISSY MARY! NO LIKE!... KANAKA LEW FIX'M!



WHERE YOU GO WALRUSPUSS, HUH?

?



LESSO, YOU OVERGROWN... YEOW! MY MUSTACHE!! YE CUT IT HALF OFF.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, STRANGER! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN OR.....



MEANWHILE, A DARK CAR HAS PULLED UP BESIDE MARY AND.....

I'VE GOT HER, ONE-EYE..... STEP ON THE GAS!

HELP! KANAKA LEW! HELP!



KANAKA LEW? THAT ME!

THAT CAR! SOMEBODY GRABBED HER IN THERE!

THEY'RE DRIVING AWAY!

WHILE THE HUGE NATIVE WHO ATTACKED PEEWEE DASHES SWIFTLY AFTER THE KIDNAP CAR AFOOT....

TAXI! CATCH THAT CAR!

YOU KNOW THAT DAVE THEY SNATCHED?



IN THE BACK OF THE FLEEING CAR.....

YE BLASTED LITTLE CAT! GAVE ME THAT MONEY! IT'S RIGHTFULLY MINE!





WHEN OVERTAKES
THE X-100 CAR
YOUR BLOODS UP
THE STREET.

HOLD UP
YOU FELLOWS!
YOU WENT THROUGH
A RED LIGHT!



SO WE RAN THROUGH
A LIGHT. HEY FRESHMEAT?
WELL, COME RIGHT IN HERE
AND TELL US ALL ABOUT
IT! STOP THE CAR, ONE-EYE!



KEEP HIM BUSY
RED MACK! I'LL
GET HIM FROM
BEHIND!

OKAY, ROUGH
TOUGH AND
RUBBERNOSED.
IT'S LIKE THIS!



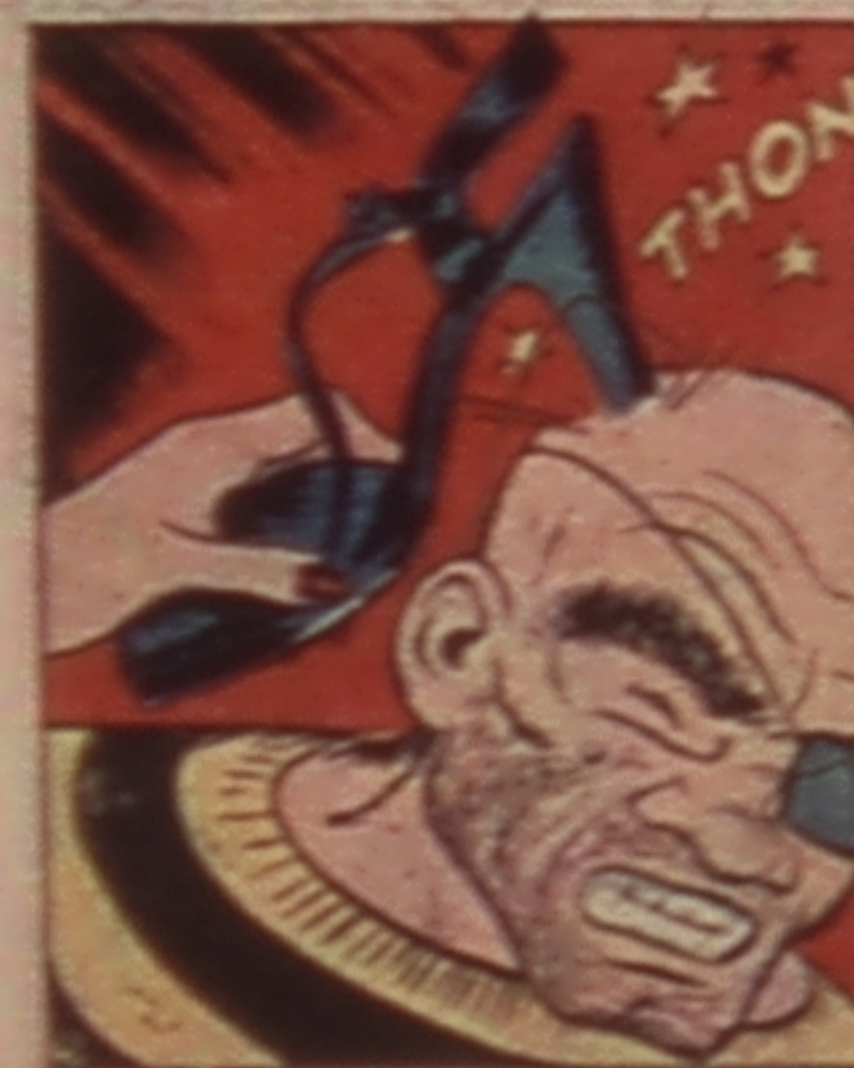
HEAVE HIM
OUT ON HIS
HEAD!

THE BLASTED
SEA PIG! I'LL
BREAK EVERY
BONE IN HIS
FACE FIRST!

MARY MC DERMOTT SNATCHES
UP HER SHOE, KICKED OFF
IN THE SCUFFLE.....



I KNOW A NICE
GIRL. ISN'T SUPPOSED
TO ENGAGE IN
FISTICUFFS, BUT.....



THON!



BLAST ME/SCUFFERS
LANDLUBBER! YOU'VE
GOT A PUNCH
LIKE A WHALE'S
TAIL!



YOU DO PRETTY
WELL FOR YOURSELF
IN A ROUGH-AND-
TUMBLE, GOODLOOKING! YOU
PACK
I LIKE YOU!

A WALLOP
YOURSELF, MAM
AND I DON'T MEAN
ONLY THE WAY YOU
CONJET THAT
DRIVER!!

BUT AS RANCE STEPS OUT OF THE CAR TO HELP MARY GATHER UP HER SCATTERED MONEY.....

YOU KIDNAP MISSY MARY, KANAKA LEW CUT HEAD OFF AND THROW HIM AWAY!

HEY!

OUT IT OUT, YOU HEATHEN! AND I DON'T MEAN MY HEART!

NO, KANAKA LEW, NO! HE'S A FRIEND! DROP YOUR KNIFE!!!

BUT THIS FELLA FOLLOW MISSY MARY ON DARK STREET! NO TRUST M!

YOU CAN TRUST HIM ALL RIGHT, KANAKA LEW, HE JUST HANDED RED MACK THE SWEETEST LOOKING OF HIS LIFE...AND HE SAVED MINE WHILE HE WAS AT IT!

MEANWHILE, THE DRIVER OF RED MACK'S CAR COMES TO, SEES HIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE, AND TAKES IT.....

RED MACK! GET AWAY!

HA-HA-HA! RED LOOKS LIKE A HUNTING TROPHY SOMEBODY SHOT UP IN THE HILLS!... LET HIM GO! HE ONLY GOT AWAY WITH TWO OR THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

ONLY!...

A FEW MINUTES LATER ON SHARK EGAN'S SCHOONER, "THE CORSAIR".....

SHARK, THIS IS RANCE KEANE, OUR OLD ENEMY RED MACK, TRIED TO PUT THE GRAB ON ME, ONLY RANCE SORT OF BEAT RED'S EARS DOWN FOR HIM!

ANY FRIEND OF MARY'S IS A FRIEND OF MINE!.....

THERE'S A RUMPLUS AT THE HEAD OF THE GANGPLANK.....

THERE YOU ARE... I CAUGHT UP TO YOU! GIVE BACK MY SOUP STRAINER!

HUH!

KANAKA LEW GOT'M BETTER TRICK, LEARN'M FROM AMERICAN INDIAN!

HALP HALP, RANCE! THIS CRAZY SAVAGE IS MURDERING ME ALL OVER AGAIN!

SCALP'M PALE FACE! MAKE'M PALE!

GIT ME A MUFFLER... QUICK! I'LL KETCH MY DEATH OF COLD WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE!

WHY PEEWEE... I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD A FACE UNDER ALL THAT HAIR!

HA HA!

ZERO

by Noel Fowler

GHOST DETECTIVE



HOSTLY WRECKERS OF DANGER ISLE REKINDLE AN ANCIENT HATRED AND SPREAD NEW TERROR ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A FREIGHTER PLOWS THROUGH STORMY SEAS.

BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS THE CAPTAIN REALIZES HE HAS BEEN MISLED.

WHAT'S THAT? A LIGHT? IT'S SIGNALLING DANGER...CHANGE OUR COURSE DUE NORTH...



HIS SHIP IS SMASHED TO A BATTERED HULK ON THE JAGGED REEFS OF DANGER ISLE.



MEANWHILE ZERO VISITS JAMES DARBY, PRESIDENT OF DARBY SHIPPING COMPANY, INC.



THE PHONE RINGS



THIS IS MYSTERIOUS, ZERO. THE DANGER ISLE LIGHTHOUSE HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS... BUT NOW IT GIVES MY SHIPS FALSE SIGNALS... THEY CRASH ON THE ROCKS!



NO HUMAN BEINGS CAN REACH DANGER ISLE! IT USED TO BE A PENINSULA, BUT NOW THE SEA HAS CUT IT OFF! THE ROCKS STOP EVERY ATTEMPT TO LAND THERE!



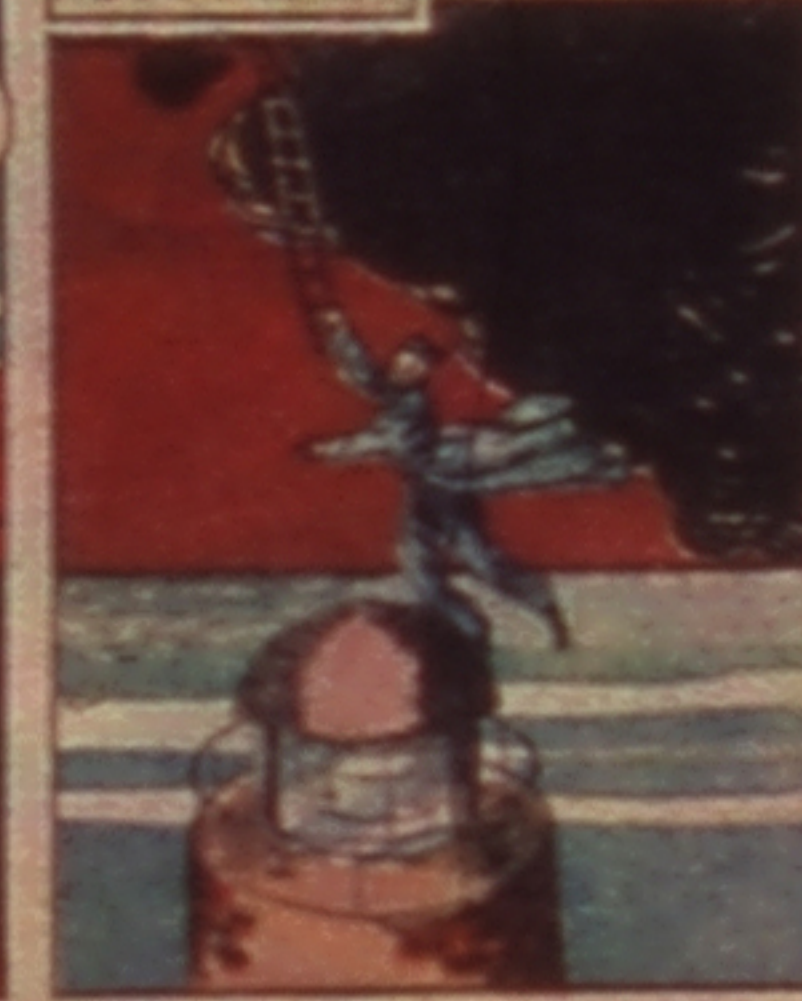
ZERO IS DETERMINED TO INVESTIGATE... HE GOES TO THE FISHING VILLAGE OPPOSITE DANGER ISLE.



THERE IS ONE ALTERNATIVE... ZERO GOES TO AN AIRPORT.



ZERO SWINGS PRECARIOUSLY TO THE LEDGE AROUND THE HUGE LIGHT.



WHEN DARKNESS FALLS A LIGHT
STREAKS ACROSS THE WAVES.
ZERO HAS SEEN NO ONE
ENTER THE LIGHTHOUSE.



BUT PEERING INSIDE, HE SEES



SHADOWY FIGURES...
SAILORS! THEY LOOK
AS THOUGH THEY
ONCE MANNED
CLIPPER SHIPS!



AND THERE'S THE
FREIGHTER... I'VE
GOT TO BLACK
OUT THIS
LIGHT!

ZERO SLIPS QUIETLY INSIDE.



AH... A PIECE OF OLD
SAIL-CLOTH... THIS
WILL SAVE THAT
SHIP FROM SEEING
THE TREACHEROUS
SIGNAL!

SWIFTLY ZERO DOUSES THE
LIGHT.



ABOARD THE FREIGHTER THERE
IS GREAT CONFUSION.



WHAT THY...
TURN BACK!
THE LIGHT
HAS GONE
OUT!

ZERO'S TROUBLES HAVE JUST
BEGUN.



BLOW THE
LUBBER
DOWN!

THE GHOSTLY SEAMEN SOON
OVERCOME ZERO AND SEND
HIM TUMBLING DOWN THE
STAIR-WELL.



DOWN INTO
DARKNESS
GO YE!



HAY! NO MORTAL
MAN CAN DESTROY
OUR PLANS, EH,
MATEYS?

HE WON'T
BE MORTAL
LONG WHEN
HE HITS
BOTTOM!

BUT ZERO IS NOT KILLED IN HIS FALL... BELOW, ANOTHER GHOSTLY FIGURE CATCHES HIM.



NOW, MATEY, HOW CAME YOU TO BE MIXED UP WITH THAT SCURVY LOT UP THERE?

NEVER MIND THAT. TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?



THE MAN'S STORY:

MANY YEARS AGO, TWO SHIPS SET SAIL FROM THIS HARBOR ON A TREASURE HUNT. ONE CAPTAINED BY JIM DARBY. THE OTHER MANNED BY THE CREW THAT'S UP IN THE LIGHT.



THE VILLAINOUS CREW LAGGED BEHIND UNTIL WE REACHED THE BARBADOS AND NEARED THE TREASURE ISLAND.

THEN THEY OPENED UP WITH A VOLLEY OF FIRE, TRYING TO DISABLE THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP.



DARBY TRICKED THEM BY RUNNING A DANGEROUS COURSE THROUGH THE REEFS.



HIS HAND WAS SURE AT THE WHEEL AND HIS SHIP SAILED SAFELY... BUT THE OTHER RAN AGROUND AND WAS WRECKED.



I WAS THE BOSN WHO STOPPED A BULLET MEANT FOR CAPTAIN DARBY. THE SPIRITS OF THE WRECKED CREW HAVE SWORN VENGEANCE, BUT I HAVE ALWAYS FOLLOWED TO HINDER THEM.



COME, LADDIE... WE'LL PUT AN END TO THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL!





HERE, MATEY, BEFORE WE START THE FIDWORKS TAKE THESE... THE FINGER BONES OF THESE BARNACLED GHOSTS... I FISHED THEM FROM THE GULF WHEN THEY DROWNED!



THE OLD MAN RIPS INTO ACTION WITH THE FURY OF A LASHING WIND.

I'VE WAITED MANY A YEAR FOR THIS FUN!

ZERO ENJOYS THE WEIRD FIGHT UNTIL...



THE OLD BOYS BEING OUT-NUMBERED? I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THESE BONES!

RUSHING INTO THEIR MIDST, ZERO HOLDS OUT HIS HANDS, UNDER THE NOSES OF THE GHOSTLY BATTLERS.



SHEER HORROR CROSSES THEIR SHADOWY FACES AS THEY SEE THE CROSSED FINGER BONES IN HIS PALMS.



A STREAK OF LIGHT SHOOTS FROM THE SKY, AND INTO IT THE WRAITHS VANISH ON THEIR LAST JOURNEY.



ZERO THINKS THAT HE IS LEFT ALONE IN THE DARK... UNTIL...



HEH! HEH! GOOD WORK, MATEY!

HE TURNS TO SEE THE FRIENDLY, SMILING FACE OF THE BOSS.



THANK YE, LAD, YE CAN DEPEND ON ME TO GUARD THIS LIGHT ON DANGER ISLE FROM NOW ON!

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

by
JOE PERRY



ON A STRANGE PRIMITIVE ISLAND SERGEANT REYNOLDS PLUNGES INTO A FANTASTIC MYSTERY AS THE LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT DRUIDS COMES TO LIFE...

SERGEANT, REPORTS HAVE COME IN THAT JOHNNY WESTLAKE, THE RADIUM HEIR, HAS BEEN SHIPWRECKED... HE WAS LAST SEEN HEADING FOR THIS GROUP OF ISLANDS IN HIS KETCH...

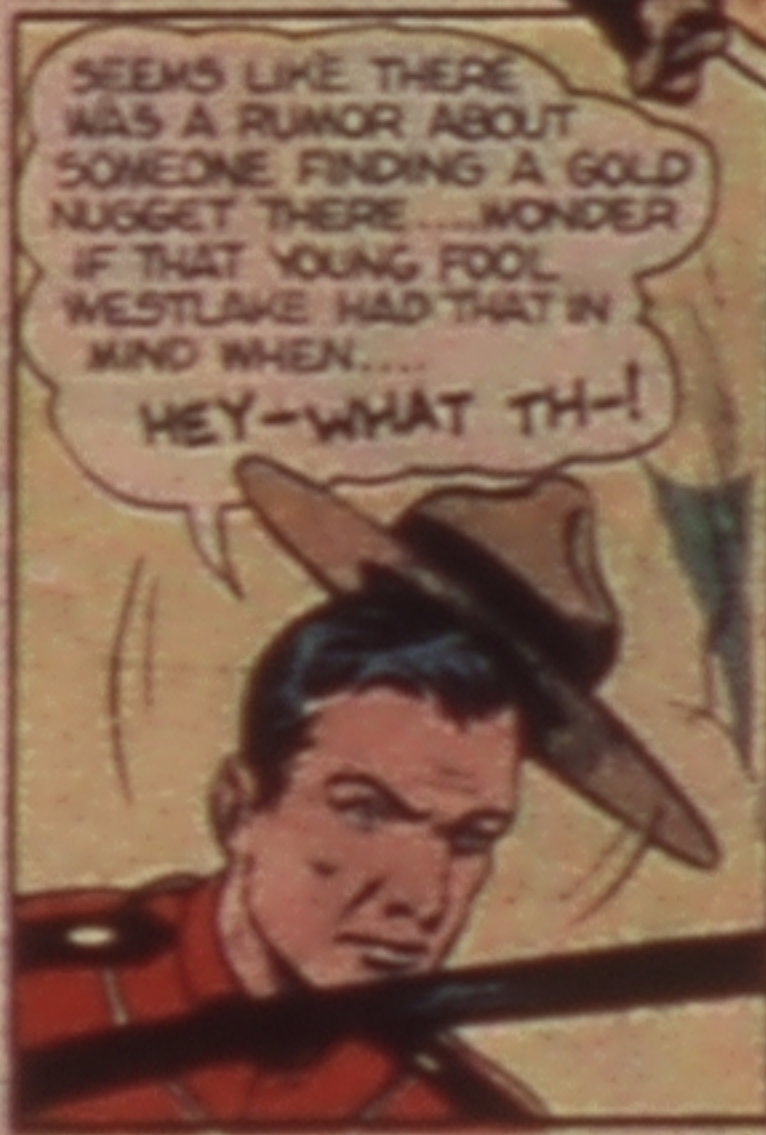


HOURS LATER

THERE ARE THE ISLANDS... THOSE TOWERING ROCKS CERTAINLY ARE IMPRESSIVE...

SEEMS LIKE THERE WAS A RUMOR ABOUT SOMEONE FINDING A GOLD NUGGET THERE... WONDER IF THAT YOUNG FOOL WESTLAKE HAD THAT IN MIND WHEN...

HEY-WHAT TH-!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A TERRIFIC LURCH AND THE BOAT IS CAUGHT IN A SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL...

THE CHURNING WATERS THREW THE CRAFT AT THE HUGE ROCKS...



AS TWO FIGURES WALK ALONG THE SHORE...



PIERRE... LOOK! SOMEONE'S BEEN IN A WRECK... QUICK! WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM!

BY JOE! THOSE ROCKS GET ONE EVERY DAY!

IT'S A MOUNTIE! WE'LL TALK LATER JOHNNY-COME, WE MUST GET HIM TO MY HOUSE- HE NEEDS REST!



HOW'RE YOU FEELIN', SERGEANT? I'M JOHNNY WESTLAKE- THIS IS PIERRE DULAC, WHO HELPED ME BRING YOU IN!

HA-HA- JUST LIKE I FIND JOHNNY WHEN HIS BOAT GET WRECKED!



THAT NIGHT



TELL PIERRE WE'LL BE BACK SOON!

SURE!

WHO WAS THAT? HE LOOKED JITTERY ABOUT SOMETHING! THAT'S GASPARD PIERRE'S HELPER! I DON'T TRUST HIM... LET'S HEAD FOR THE FAR END OF THE ISLAND!



SO THAT'S THE ANCIENT DRUID CAVE!



GOOSH- THOSE GROTESQUE ROCKS LOOK LIKE MONSTERS!

FROM THE SHADOWS A FIGURE WATCHES...

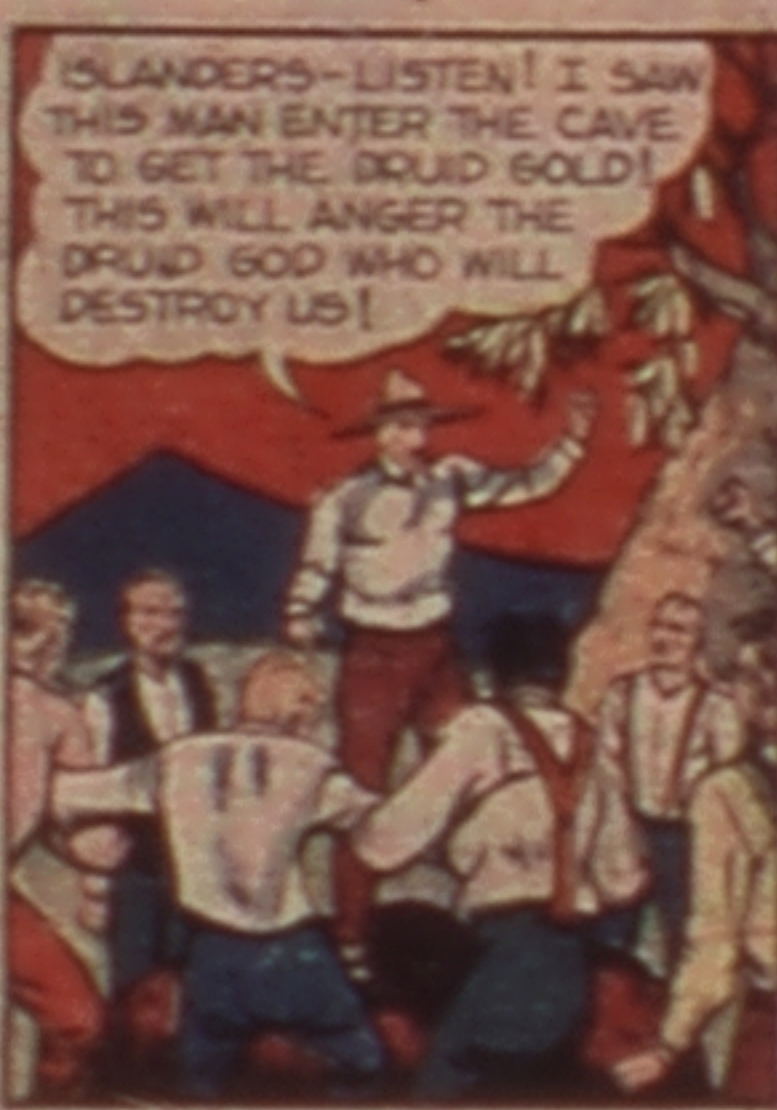
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A VOICE IN AGONY!

LOOK- A MAN!

IT'S THE FISHERMAN WHO FOUND THE GOLD NUGGET- WHO STABBED YOU OLD TIMER?

IT'S THE DRUID TERROR! KEEP AWAY FROM THE CAVE... IT MEANS DOOM FOR THE ISLANDS!





AT THIS MOMENT A TERRIFIC
EXPLOSION ROCKS THE ISLAND...



THE DRUID
GOD SPEAKS!
WE ARE
DOOMED!

SACRIFICE
WESTLAKE!
BURN HIM
ALIVE—THAT—
WILL APPEASE
THE GOD'S WRATH!

IT
WILL
SAVE US!



AROUND THE GROTESQUE DRUID
ROCK FORMATIONS WESTLAKE IS
PREPARED FOR THE SACRIFICE



MEANWHILE BACK IN THE CAVE...

THAT ROCKSLIDE AND
EXPLOSION WERE JUST PHONEY
TRICKS TO GET US OUT OF
HERE... I'M GOING IN AGAIN...
OH-OH- FOOTSTEPS!!
GOSH-IT'S DARK IN HERE!!



SUDDENLY REYNOLDS IS JOLTED
AS A FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM IN
THE DARK...



IN THE SHADOWS OF THE RUINED
TEMPLE THE TWO MEN FIGHT FOR
LIFE...



GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S PIERRE
DULAC—SO
YOU'RE BEHIND
THIS REIGN
OF TERROR!

YES MOUNTIE!
THE PEOPLE
OF THIS
ISLAND
BELIEVE IN
LEGENDS, BUT
I DON'T!!



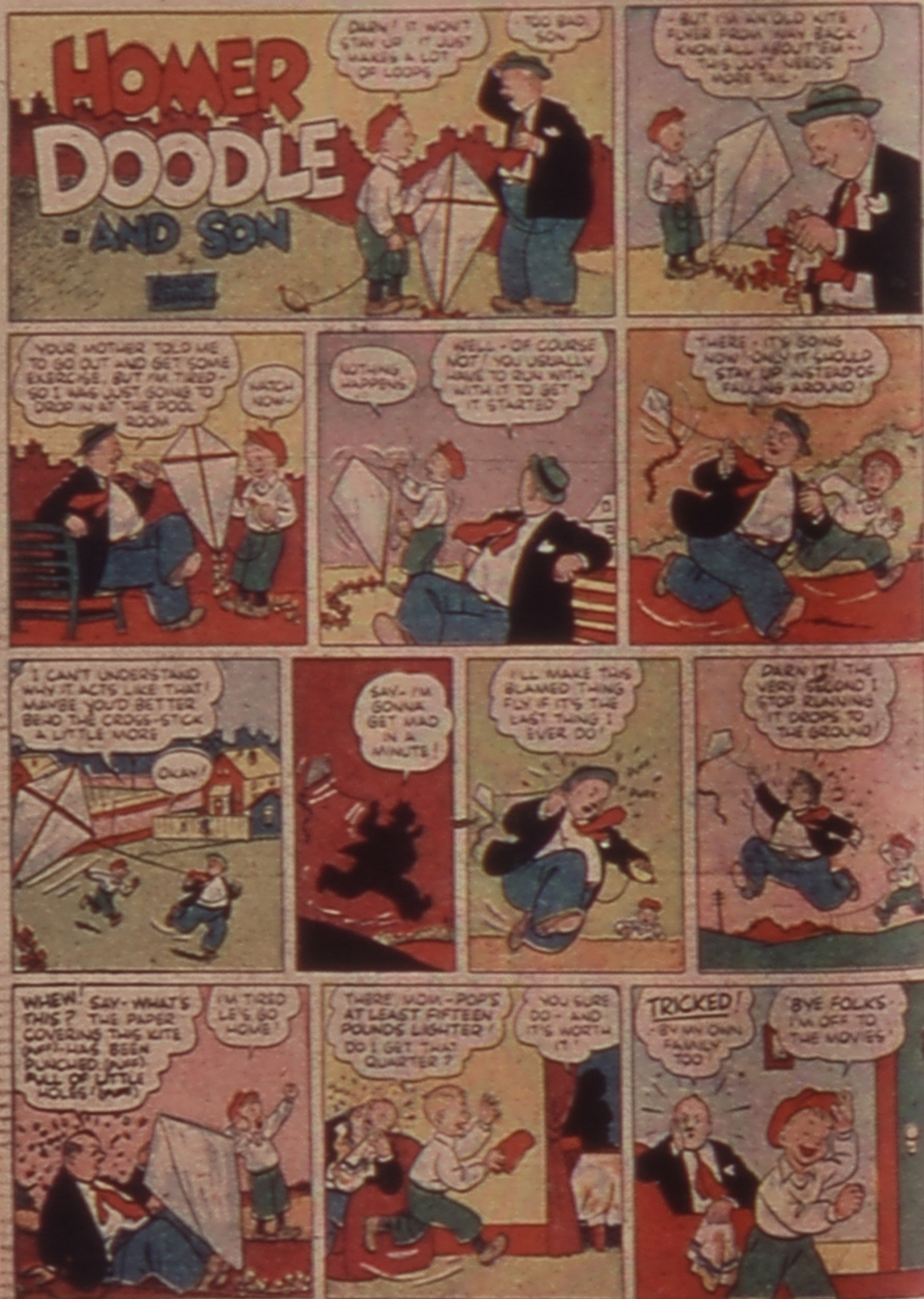
WHEN THAT FOOL WESTLAKE
CAME TO THIS ISLAND I
KNEW HE WOULD ENTER
THE CAVE... SO I PLANNED
TO USE HIM AS A TOOL
AND TERRORIZE THE
ISLANDS!



EVEN NOW HE IS BEING
BURNED ALIVE OUTSIDE BY
THEM—THEY ARE SACRIFICING
HIM FOR THE SAKE OF THE
DRUID GOD!...HAHAHA!!
...NOW TO GET RID OF
YOU!







Order the July issue of **FEATURE COMICS** from your regular newsdealer now.

FLAMMAR

By John
Charles



THE VALIANT
JUNGLE HERO
BATTLES VICIOUS
FANS AND DEADLY
SPEARS OF THE
DREADED HYENA-
MEN TO SAVE HIS
TINY FRIENDS, THE
JUNGLE PYGMIES

SAMAR SWINGS
LIGHTLY THROUGH
THE TREES WHEN...

SAMAR!

HELP
US!

OF
COURSE
I'LL HELP
YOU!

GENTLY HE SCOOPS UP THE
PYGMIES

HYENA-MEN
ATTACK OUR
VILLAGE.
THEY KILL
OUR
PEOPLE!

THEY CRASH THROUGH DENSE
BRUSH TO THE PYGMIES' DUS-
OUT CANOE... AS THEY'RE
ABOUT TO STEP IN...

WAIT!!
CROCODILES!



NOT THINKING OF THE DANGER, SAMAR PUTS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE HORRIBLE REPTILES



THEN HE STRADDLES THE SUNWALES OF THE DUGOUT...



BUT GREAT FROTHING BEASTS FLOW THROUGH THE WATER TOWARD THEM.



SAMAR LEAPS TO THE STOUT BACK OF THE LEADER HIPPO. THE DUGOUT CAPSIZES FROM HIS SWIFT ACTION.



AASE! DEMON HIPPO POTAMUS!

THEY WON'T HURT YOU!

THE HIPPO HERD GOES WILD. FURIOUSLY THEY CHARGE FOR THE HELPLESS PYSMIES.



GALIF OYANTY TRY TO REACH SHORE!

BUT SAMAR, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, AND WITH HIS DEADLY SPEAR RUSHES TO THEIR AID.

SOON THE REMAINING HIPPOS FLEE.



YOU ARE MY FRIENDS... PADDLE FAST! WHILE I BAIL!

GREAT MAN, SAMAR. YOU SAVE US!

BELOW THE RAPIDS THEY
BEACH THE CANOE AND
PROCEED ON FOOT... BUT



MOVE, YOU CURS!
THE BEASTS HAVE
CAUGHT THE SCENT!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR
THE HUNTING HORN?

MEANWHILE A GIANT RENEGADE
ARAB STANDS ON A HILL. THE
VICIOUS HYENA HE HOLDS SNIFFS
THE WIND FOR SCENT OF MAN...



WHILE
A HIDEOUS
HYENA-MAN BLOWS
A HOLLOW HUNTING
NOTE...



GALI!
ONANI?
TO THE
TREES!



SAMAR HEARS
THE NOISY
ADVANCE...



I'LL STOP THIS
ATTACK MYSELF!



WHILE SAMAR BATTLES, THE
PYGMIES HURL THEIR SHARP
SPEARS FROM THEIR RETREAT!



ON A VELDT NEARBY, A TRIO OF RHINOCEROS SCENTS THE VANDALISM ON THEIR LAND.



SNORTING WITH RAGE, THEY CHARGE FOR THE HYENA-MEN WHO SCATTER, TERRIFIED.



QUICK! NOW WE HELP YOUR VILLAGE. THE HYENA-MEN ARE TOO BUSY TO ATTACK!



THEY ARRIVE AT THE VILLAGE, BUT...

OVANI SUGGESTS THAT HIS PEOPLE ARE SAFE IN THE CAVES BELOW, WHERE THICK SMUDGE FIRES BURN.

SAMAR STANDS BY, WHILE THE PYGMIES ENTER THE CAVE.

THEY'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE NOW. THEY'LL LEAVE YOU PYGMIES ALONE FOR AWHILE!



IT'S RUINED!



THEY'RE ALL HERE!



BUT WHILE THE JOYOUS TRIBESMEN WELCOME THEIR BROTHERS, HEAVY BOULDERS BEGIN TO FALL.

SAMAR IS FORCED TO DART INSIDE THE CAVE FOR SAFETY.



NO...WE LEAD YOU TO UNDERGROUND STREAM! WE ESCAPE!



QUICKLY THEY PILE INTO THE CANOES, WHILE THE RAGING HYENAS POUND AT THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE.

THEY CRAWL THROUGH THE NARROW TUNNEL.



AS SAMAR AND HIS
PYGMY CREW SWEEP
OUT OF THE CAVE...



HOSTILE HYENA-MEN'S ARROWS MEET THE
CANOES. THEY CRASH AGAINST THE ROCKS.



A VINE LASSO FALLS
FROM THE TREE, BIND-
ING SAMAR.



TIED TO A POLE, HE IS THEN
CARRIED ON THE HUSKY
SHOULDERS OF THE HYENAMEN.



MY ONLY
CHANCE IS
TO TRICK
THEM!



BUT SAMAR MAKES A
BREAK FOR FREEDOM.



SPEARS
WHISTLE BY.



HE REACHES A CANOE AND SETS
OUT DOWNSTREAM.

IN THEIR SPEEDY
DUSOUT, THE ENEMY
PURSUES.



SAMAR
SWINGS
INTO A
HIDDEN
EDDY BE-
HIND A ROCKY
POINT.



IN VAIN THE HYENA-MEN TRY TO BACK-PADDE AGAINST
THE RUSHING CURRENT. THEY ARE DRAWN OVER THE ROARING
WATERFALL THAT SPILS INTO A DEEP CHASM BELOW.



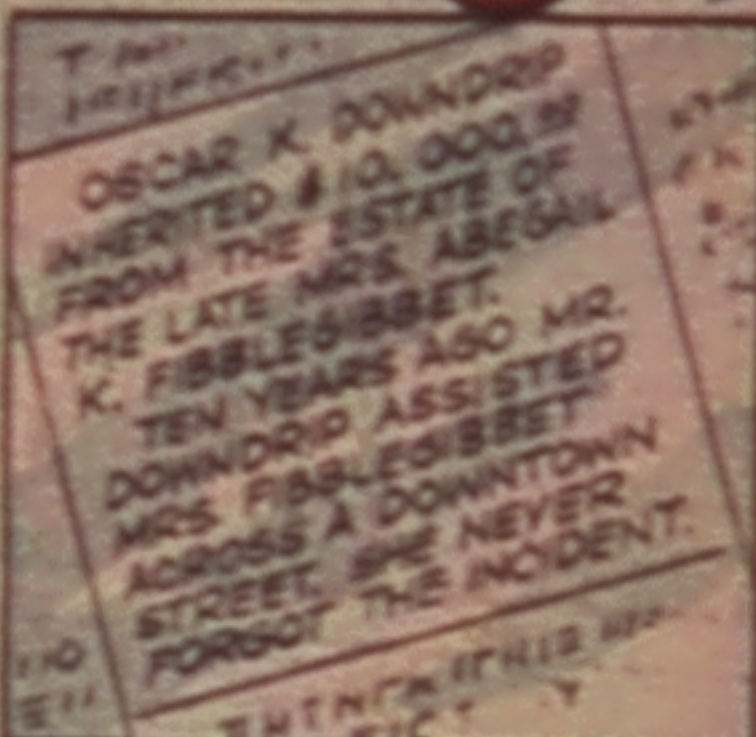
YOU HAVE SAVED
OUR TRIBE...
COME! WE GIVE
FEAST FOR
YOU!

LALA PALOOZA



HM - A VERY INTERESTING NEWS ITEM - LALA, A VERY INTERESTING NEWS ITEM!

REALLY? NOW GET YOUR FEET OFF THE TABLE



OSCAR K. DOWNDRIP INHERITED \$10,000.00 FROM THE ESTATE OF THE LATE MRS. ABESAIL K. FIBBLESIBBET. TEN YEARS AGO MR. DOWNDRIP ASSISTED MRS. FIBBLESIBBET ACROSS A DOWNTOWN STREET. SHE NEVER FORGOT THE INCIDENT. THINK IT IS WORTH A THOUGHT



GOSH! THERE'S AN OLD DAME GOIN' TO CROSS THE STREET - SHE LOOKS KINDA WORRIED -



PARDON ME, MAM - MAY I ASSIST YOU?

THANK YOU, SIR



...I WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN - HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR AN HOUR

OK, HE HAS - HAS HE?



LISTEN, Y'BIG BOON - WHAT D'YA MEAN BY GOIN' AROUND SCARIN' OLD LADIES?

OLD LADY! LOOK, FITSO - THAT LUG IS -



LUG, EH? I'LL LEARN YOU A LESSON!



HOLY SMOKE! YOUR BAG IS FULL OF DOUGH, LADY!



HEY, LADY - I SAID YOUR BAG - -- HEY! WHAT'RE Y'DOIN'?

I'M LAMMIN' OUTTA HERE - DUCK DAT FIDDLE CASE -



'CAUSE THERE'S GONNA BE MORE BULLS AROUND HERE THAN THEY GOT IN THE STOCK-YARDS!



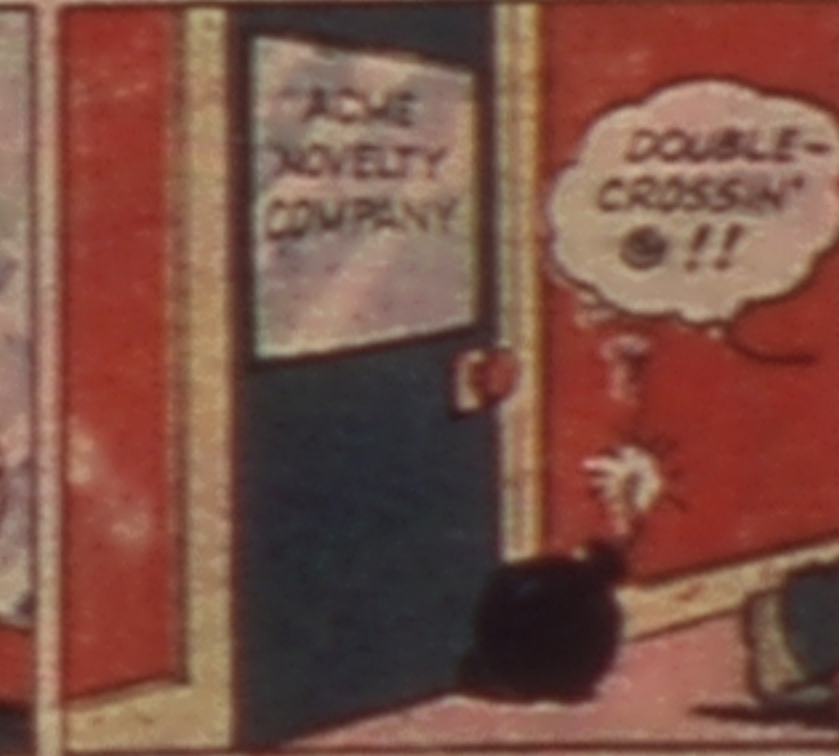
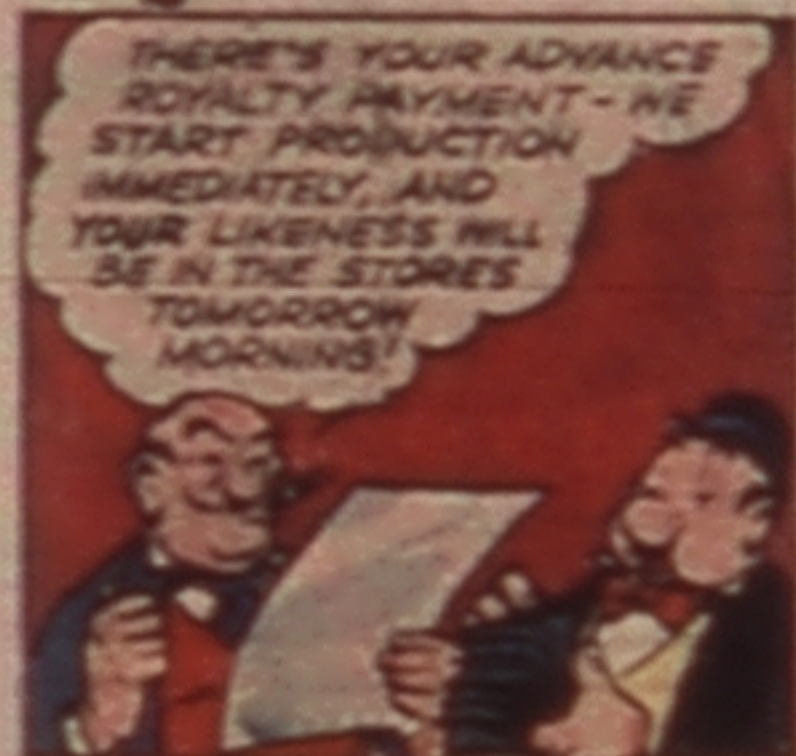
BULLS! - STOCK-YARDS! - FIDDLE CASE! - OH MY GOSH! LOOK WHAT'S IN THE FIDDLE CASE!

IT'S KILLER KELLY - THE BANK ROBBER AWRIGHT!

TAKE HIM ALIVE - IF POSSIBLE

WHY DID I EVER LEARN TO READ?

LALA PALOOZA



More of Lala Palooza in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 23rd.

Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

COUNTERSPY

by
HARRY FRANKS
CAMPEL

DOUBLE
DOUBLE!

QUICK LOAD THAT
MANGANESE!

THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN ACE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS DUE IN LARGE MEASURE TO HIS DOUBLE LIEUTENANT JACKSON. THIS ALLOWS BRUCE TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME

WORK AT THE FARNUM SHEET METAL COMPANY HAS ALMOST STOPPED, DUE TO THEFTS OF MANGANESE

ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS, WASHINGTON

BUT, COLONEL JORDAN, I CAN'T SEE HOW THOSE THEFTS WERE POSSIBLE WITHOUT INSIDE ASSISTANCE!

THE ARMY MUST HAVE THAT SHEET DURALUMIN!

BRUCE, THOSE MANGANESE THEFTS AT THE FARNUM PLANT, ARE CRIPPLING NATIONAL DEFENSE!

YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, BRUCE! GO TO IT!

WITHOUT MANGANESE, WE'RE CRIPPLED!

WELL, YOU CAN'T MAKE DURALUMIN WITHOUT MANGANESE, AND PLANES WITHOUT DURAL! I'LL LOOK AROUND

NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF THE FARNUM COMPANY

COLLUSION FROM INSIDE, CAPTAIN? ABSURD!

BOSS, THAT NEW MANGANESE SHIPMENT AT THE ASPERS—

MR WILLARD FARNUM, PLEASE!

THE PRESIDENT'S EXPECTING YOU. GO IN!

BUT IS IT SO ABSURD, MR FARNUM?

OH, YOU GOT COMPANY!

AH, BYRNE, THIS IS CAPTAIN BLACKBURN OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

THAT'S BYRNE, ONE OF MY FOREMEN!

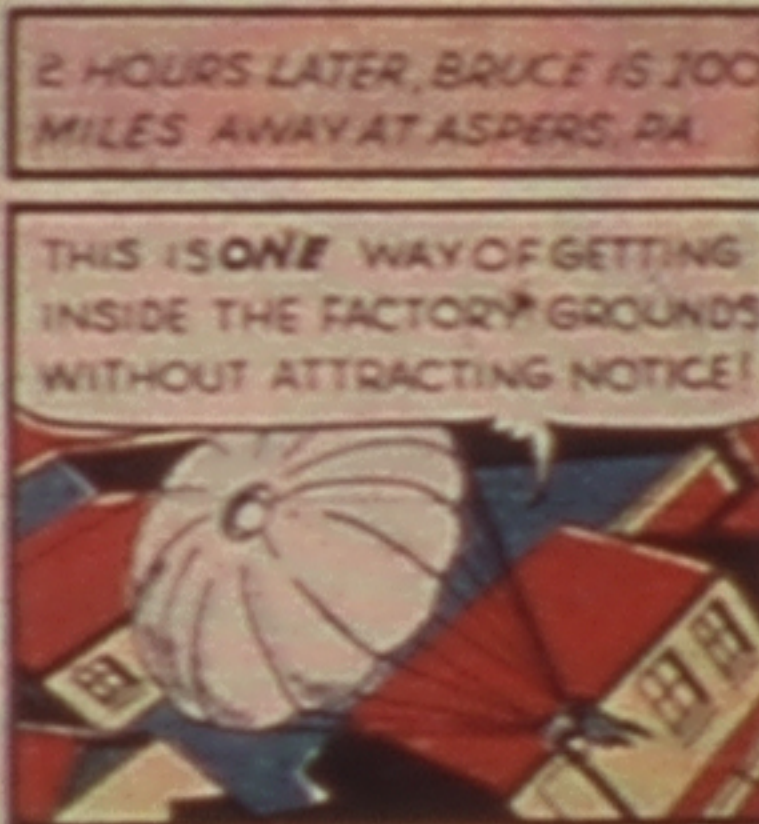
MR FARNUM, WHY DID YOU MENTION MY NAME?

IF THIS HAD BEEN AN AXIS COUNTRY, THAT SLIP COULD HAVE COST YOU YOUR HEAD!

FROM THE AXIS, WE COULD LEARN, HAUPT-ER-CAPTAIN!

THAT WAS ODD! WAS IT A SLIP, THAT DEFENSE OF THE AXIS? I WONDER? I'LL TRY ANOTHER TEST!

MR FARNUM! NOW I PLACE YOU! I MET YOU AT ATLANTIC CITY TWO YEARS AGO!





WHO? DONNERWETTER!
YOU'RE BLACKBURN!

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT! 5 SILVER
DOLLARS TO THE
MAN WITH
THE FUNNY
FACE!

DISARMED BY BYRNE AND
ANOTHER SPY, BRUCE REVISES
HIS PLANS!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU
LATER, WISE GUY I'M CALLING
THE BOSS AND
IF HE'S-

-DOUBLECROSS
ING YOU? HE IS!

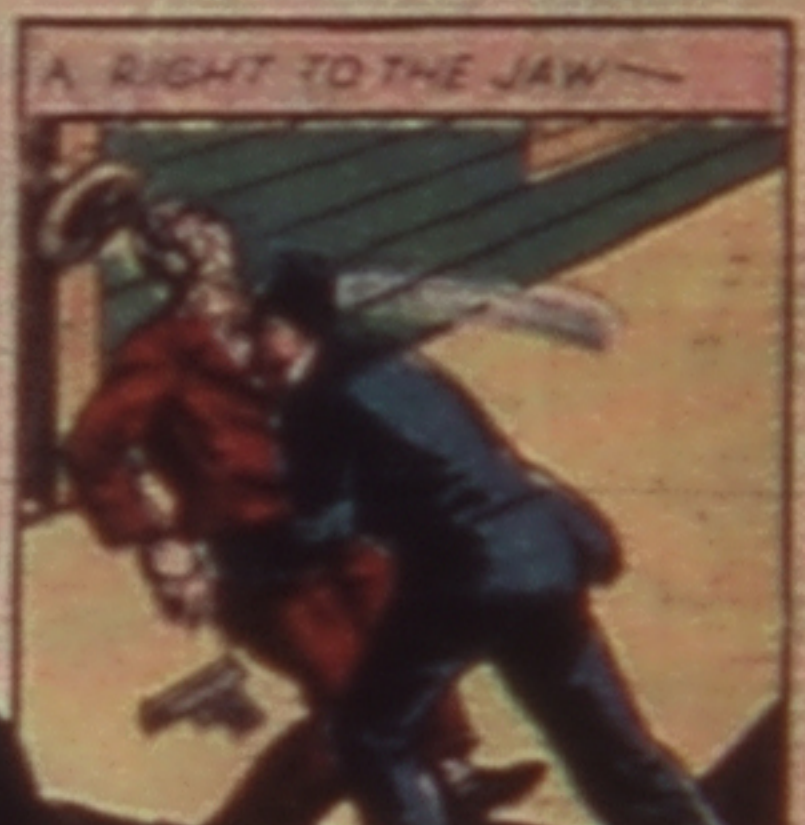


BOSS, BYRNE AGAIN! YOU
SAY BLACKBURN'S WITH
YOU I SEE! THANKS!



THAT SEED OF SUSPICION'S
PLANTED! NOW TO USE AN
ANCIENT GAS, AND SET OUT
OF THIS.

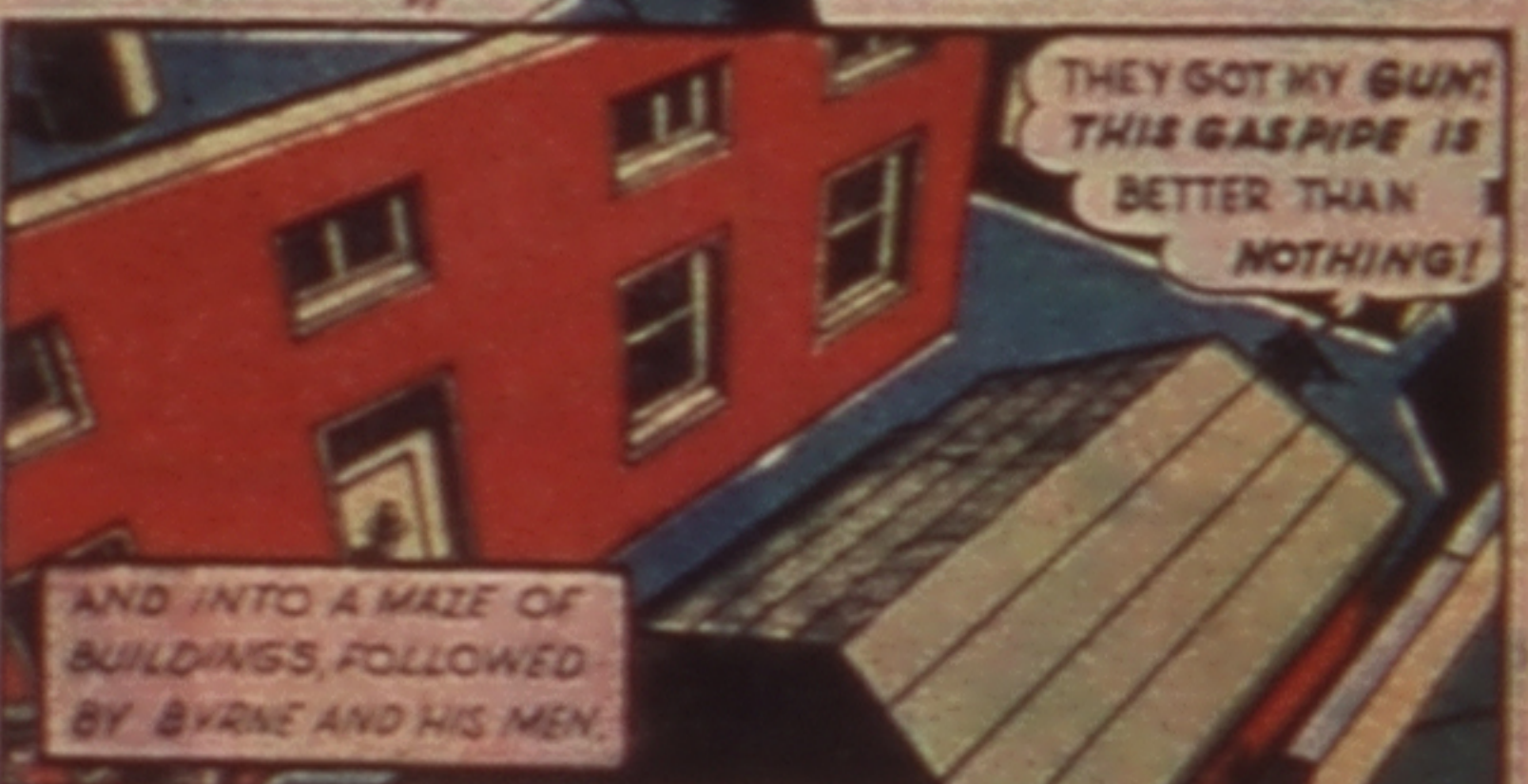
ALL RIGHT, MEN, CLOSE
IN!



A RIGHT TO THE JAW -



-AND BRUCE DASHES
AROUND A CORNER -



THEY GOT MY GUN!
THIS GASPIPE IS
BETTER THAN
NOTHING!

AND INTO A MAZE OF
BUILDINGS, FOLLOWED
BY BYRNE AND HIS MEN.



EVADING HIS PURSUERS, BRUCE
STALKS THEM, LISTENING!

LET HIM GO! WE'VE GOT TO
HURRY AND DUMP THAT
MANGANESE INTO THE
FIRST FREIGHT CAR!



SO! AND I'LL BE IN THE
SECOND CAR!



BRUCE LEAPS INTO THE
OPEN FREIGHT CAR!

BUT HE IS SEEN BY THE
PLOTTERS —

THERE HE IS!

DON'T SHOOT!
I HAVE A BETTER
PLAN! START
THE TRAIN,
AND —

MEANWHILE, IN THE CAR

WE'RE MOVING — SOMETHING'S
WRONG! THE FIRST CAR'S
PASSED UNDER THE
ELEVATOR!

DUMP THE MANGANESE
ORE!

THAT WILL SUFFOCATE
THAT SNOOPING SPY!

AS THE ORE CRASHES
INTO THE CAR, COVERING
BRUCE COMPLETELY!

GOOD THING I BROUGHT
ALONG THIS PIPE. I CAN
BREATHE THROUGH IT!

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT. WE'LL
GET RID OF HIS BODY WHEN
WE LOAD THE ORE ON OUR
PLANES FOR MEXICO,
AT DIRGO
FIELD!

SO THAT'S IT!

FROM DIRGO FIELD, EH!
I KNOW THAT ABANDONED
FIELD!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET
WORD BACK TO INTELLI-
GENCE AND HAVE THE PLANES
INTERCEPTED!

BRUCE DIGGS UP THROUGH
THE ORE!

BLACKBURN! HE DIDN'T
DIE! SHOOT HIM!

THAT WAS CLOSE! HERE'S
A BRIDGE AHEAD! I HOPE
THE WATER'S —

BANG!

BRUCE DIVES INTO THE RIVER—

AND 20 MINUTES LATER
CRAWLS FROM THE RIVER

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE—



THAT FARM HOUSE. I SEE
TELEPHONE WIRES. I'LL PHONE
INTELLIGENCE!



BRUCE CALLING! MANGANESE
IS BEING FLOWN OUT FROM
DIRGO FIELD! HAVE IT
RAIDED!



AND 30 MINUTES LATER
12 ARMY PLANES DIVE
DOWN ON DIRGO FIELD.



NEXT MORNING IN COLONEL
JORDAN'S OFFICE—

WHEN FARNUM STARTED TO
CALL ME HAUPTMAN, HIS
LANGUAGE FOR CAPTAIN, IT
TIPPED ME OFF THAT
FARNUM WASN'T FARNUM!



WHEN HE REMEMBERED A
MEETING WITH ME THAT
HADN'T TAKEN PLACE, I
WAS SURE HE WAS AN
IMPOSTER!



SAY, HAVE
YOU HEARD
FROM JACKSON?

HERE I AM WITH TWO
FARNUMS THE BATTERED
ONE IS THE PHONEY. I
PERSUADED HIM TO LEAD ME
TO THE REAL FARNUM!



I HEAR
SOMEONE!
HIDE JACKSON

DOUBLE
DOUBLES!

BYRNE, FOLLOWING JACKSON
AND THE TWO FARNUMS:

THAT TRAITOR! HE WENT
IN THERE!



TRAITOR TO THE
HOMELAND! DIE!



NO-UGH!

AND BYRNE THEN TURNS
THE GUN UPON HIMSELF,
AND FIRES—

HAIL-THE-HOMELAND!



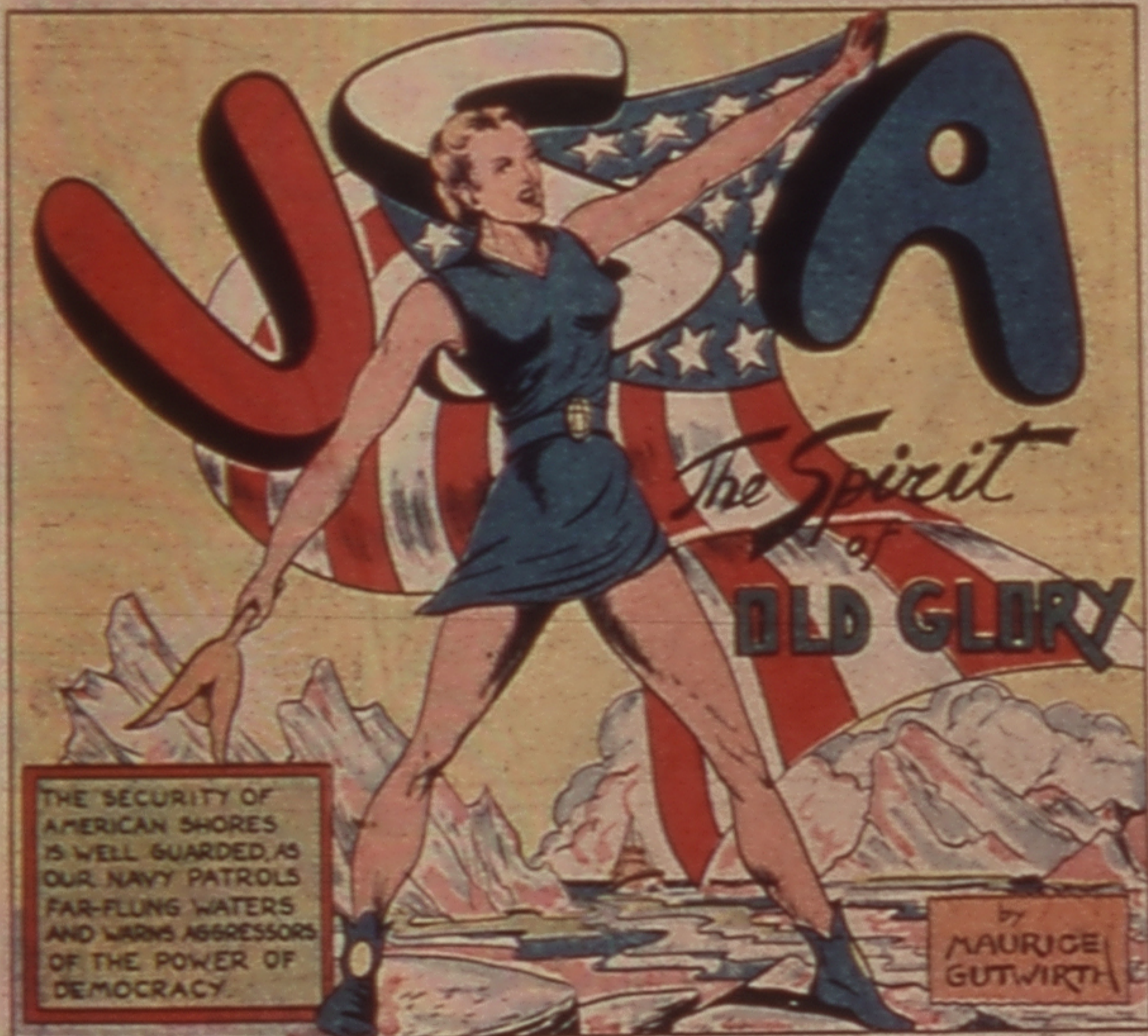
LATER IN THE OFFICE —

WELL, BRUCE. ONCE MORE
NO ENEMY AGENT LIVES
WHO HAS SEEN YOU TWO
TOGETHER!



SO, WE CAN
CARRY ON!

Follow Bruce Blackburn in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 23rd.



AS EVENING FALLS.



THE SHELL WHIZZES SPEEDILY PAST USA.



YOU'VE LAID YOUR TREACHEROUS CARDS - I SHALL PLAY YOUR GAME



FIRE LIGHTS UP THE COLD SKY. THE S.O.S. PIERCES THE NIGHT AS USA TURNS TOWARD THE WOODS.



USA CONSOLES THE NATIVES IN THE WOODS OF TRIALASKA.

DISTRIBUTE THESE THREADS OF MY FLAG - HAVE FAITH - USA WILL HELP YOU.

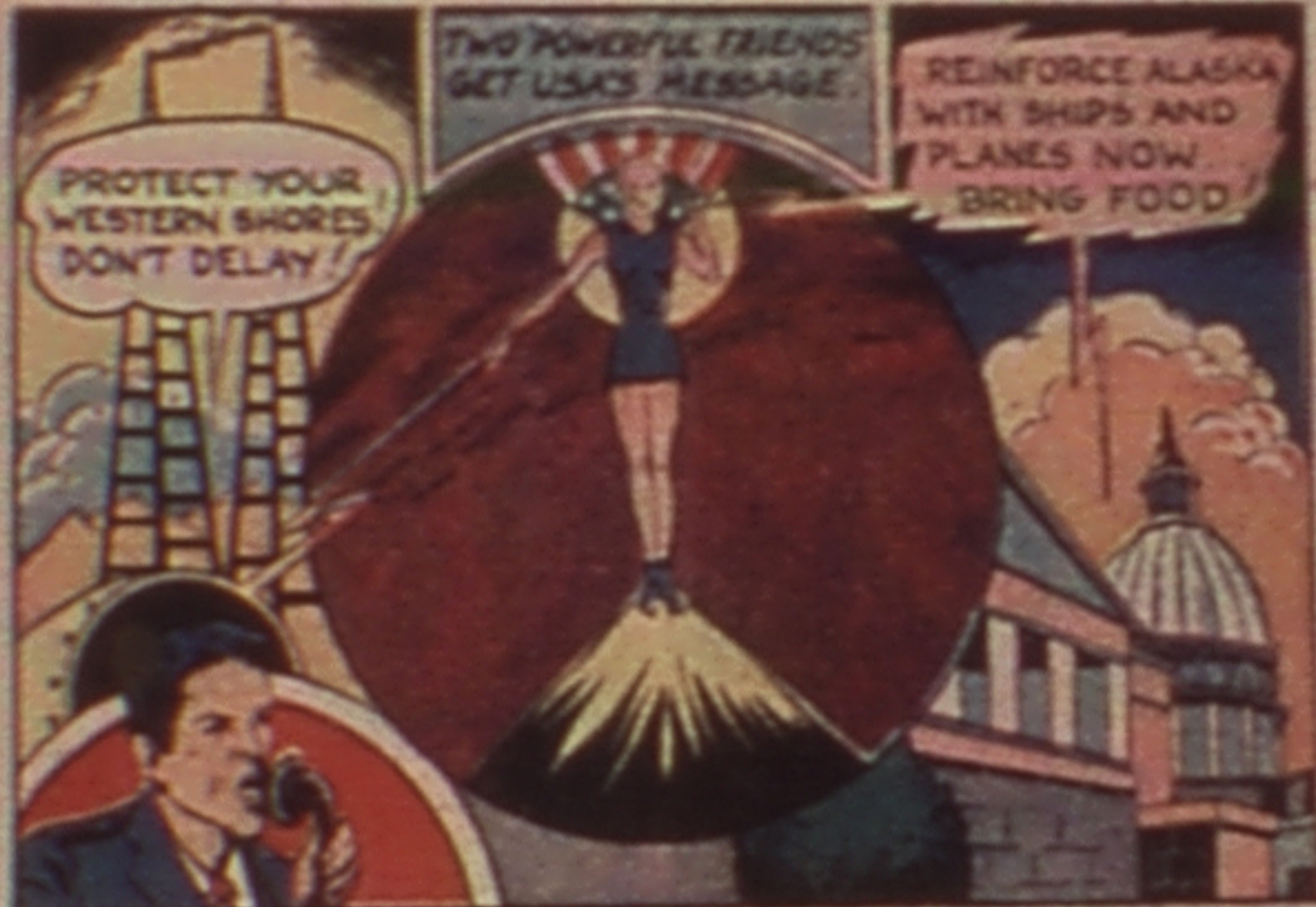


IN THE OFFICE OF THE GENERAL OF THE FOREIGN POWER...



I MUST GET FOOD - AND THERE'S NONE AROUND HERE. ALL THE COMMUNICATION IS CUT OFF. BUT I'LL HELP THEM. I MUST!





BUT TIME PLAYS AGAINST USA. THE RAIDER APPEARS ON THE HORIZON...



UNNOTICED, USA SLIPS INTO THE POWDER ROOM.



AND ALSO, JUST IN CASE THEY WANT TO SHOOT AT OUR NAVY.



IN THE OFFICER'S LOUNGE...



IN THE WINE CELLAR USA SPRINKLES THE WINE WITH POWDER.



THOSE HUNGRY PEOPLE OF TRI-ALASKA CAN USE SOME OF THIS FOOD.





THE PRIVATE'S SHOT MISSES...
THE COLONEL SHOOT'S WILDLY,
HITTING A POWDER ROOM...



THE EVIL DESTROYER GOES
DOWN AS TWO FAMILIAR
SILHOUETTES APPEAR ON
THE HORIZON.



TWO FRIENDS, READY TO HELP
EACH OTHER, APPROACH
THE ALASKAN COAST.



THE ALASKAN REFUGEES
RETURN HOME WITH USA.



IN COMMON WE FIGHT
AGAINST FORCE AND
BRUTALITY, AND STAND
UNITED!



CAN USA REST, OR MUST
SHE ALWAYS KEEP WATCH?

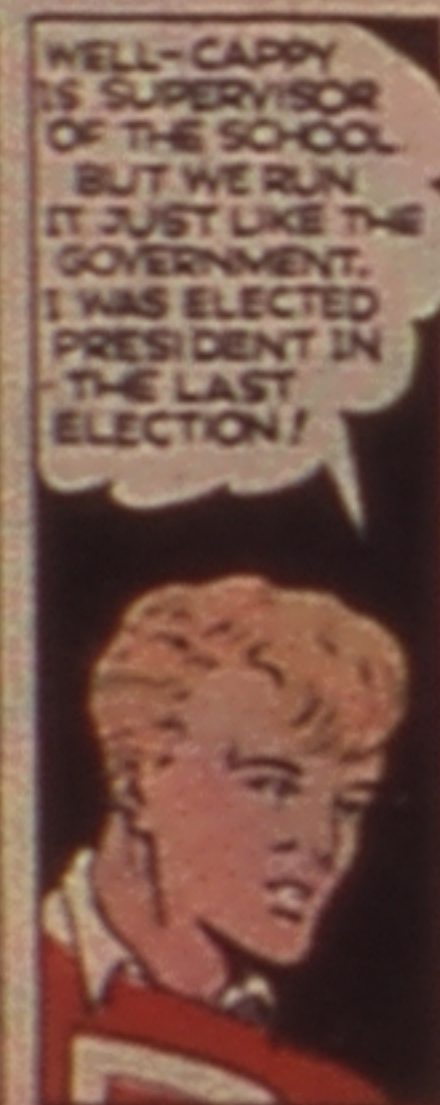


SEVERAL NEW FACES
APPEAR BEFORE
CADDY, THE SUPERVISOR
OF BOYVILLE.

WELL, BOYS YOU ARE
NOW MEMBERS OF
THE BOYVILLE SCHOOL
... I HOPE YOU'LL
LIKE IT HERE!

YEAH, WE HOO A LOT
ABOUT THIS PLACE AN'
DECIDED TO COME OUT
AN' SEE IF IT
WAS ON THE
LEVEL!

AHEM, ER, RUSTY
WILL SHOW YOU
TO YOUR ROOM!



NOT
A BAD
JOINT!

NOT
GO
GOOD
EITHER!

HERE YOU
ARE
EVERYTHING
YOU NEED
IS
HERE!

SAY...
WHO RUNS
THIS PLACE?
YA KNOW...
TH' BIG SHOT.

WELL-CADDY
IS SUPERVISOR
OF THE SCHOOL
BUT WE RUN
IT JUST LIKE THE
GOVERNMENT.
I WAS ELECTED
PRESIDENT IN
THE LAST
ELECTION!

WHAT?
NO WONDER
THIS DUMP
LOOKS SO
CORNY!







OH- IT'S YOU EH?
WHY THE FANCY
SHIRT? TAKE
IT OFF!

I'M
SHOWING
YOU MY
COLORS,
MALONE



SAY! HOW'D
HE KNOW
YOUR
NAME?

I DON'T
KNOW! BUT
HE'S GONNA
FORGET IT
SOON!
C'MON!



BUT AS BABY-FACE MALONE AND HIS GANG
RUSH AT RUSTY, THE REST OF THE
BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS CHARGE FROM BEHIND
THE BUSHES....



AND BEFORE LONG...

THAT KINDA CLEANS
HOUSE!



TAKE THEM OVER TO
THE SHERIFF FELLAS
HE'LL PUT THEM WHERE
THEY BELONG!

BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS



AN' THEY
WORKED
FOR
SPIES,
RUSTY?

SURE!
THEY
WANTED
TO CONTROL
US BOYS
HERE!



SEE THAT FLAG?? OUR
ANCESTORS PUT IT THERE
...IT'S OUR DUTY TO
FIGHT AND KEEP IT
FLYING ALWAYS...



WELL, FELLAS... YOU
KNOW WHAT WE
BRIGADIERS STAND
FOR... NOW
JOIN US, WHEREVER
YOU MAY BE, AND KEEP
OUR COUNTRY STRONG!



DEAD END ISLAND

BY ROBERT
HYATT



The sky was a brass bowl in which a few gulls wheeled languidly, as if they knew that to remain in one place in that terrible heat would mean death. Beyond the rotting wharf, as far as the eye could reach, the flat yellow surface of the Sulu Sea—mysterious, tragic, deadly—lay like a piece of glass.

We sat on the veranda of the old hotel at Baronga, the infamous hostelry of Kuvat Dak. I had never been to Baronga before.

Perry Scott sat across the table from me. He had pale blue eyes that seemed to always be looking long distances. We'd been talking about the strange things that happen in the Far East, persons disappearing, etc.

"Listen to this," Perry said. He took a letter from his pocket and read: "Mark Stevens, Planters Hotel, Sandakan, Borneo. Dear Mr. Stevens, I have hesitated to write this, knowing that you and my husband were not the best of friends. But I am desperate. Clayt has been gone almost a year, and not a word from him. Won't you please help me find him? He was last heard of in Sandakan. Sincerely, Mrs. C. L. Maxwell."

Perry finished. I said, "Well?"

"It seems," said young Scott, "that both Clayt Maxwell and Mark Stevens disappeared at the same time. It just happened that I barged into the Planters Hotel in Sandakan a few days ago, and old Wong, the manager, handed me this letter. I met Mark Stevens three years ago."

I studied Perry a moment. "And so you're going to look for them?"

He nodded. "One of those humanities one doesn't shirk," he stated. "I've chartered a schooner."

"Then you have an idea where they are?"

"A vague one," said Perry. "In the middle of the Sulu Sea there is an island known as 'Dead End Island.' I'm sailing at dawn for it . . . I say, Humphreys," he said suddenly, "would you enjoy a bit of a cruise? I mean, of course, if you're not otherwise occupied?"

"I sure would," I said.

A day out from Baronga we ran into one of those peculiar, twisting squalls that rake the Sulu Sea without warning. It changed the glassy water into a boiling cauldron. Mountainous waves would rise, cotton-crested, and hurl themselves at us. The little schooner would take them head-on, wallow, and come up shaking herself like a wet dog.

Skipper Drake was an old-timer on the Sulu, but he admitted that this blow was a ringer. "The Kary M is a good old gal, though," he added. "She'll ride 'er out!"

She did.

I was sitting under a tarpaulin awning stretched over the aft-deck with Perry that evening. We had been discussing the strange disappearance of Stevens and Maxwell. Skipper Drake joined us.

"So you boys are going to look for those two Americans on Dead End, huh?" he said, puffing his rank pipe.

Perry said, "Yea."

"A bad place to be," said Drake. "Poison water. Poison air. I remember 'bout five years ago there was some scientist vanished there — Sammons was his name."

"Sammons!" cried Perry. "Of the Royal Academy of Athens?"

"Dunno from where," replied Drake.

"Imagine that!" said Perry. "Sammons, too."

I was interested. "What took him there?"

"Undoubtedly the legend that there are diamonds on the island," Perry stated.

"Are there?" I asked.

"I don't know. A few years ago some cracked native staggered into a Palawan dive and told a wild tale of finding diamonds on Dead End. He said nobody would ever find them though, because they would never be able to reach the middle of the island."

"Say!" I said. "This trek begins to sound interesting. Diamonds!"

Perry chuckled. "Don't put too much stock in that story, Humphreys," he warned.

An hour after dawn the next morning we made out a chunk



of land rising from the yellowish depths of the Sulu drad ahead. Dead End! A towering rock several hundred feet high shot up in the middle of the island, which took on considerable bulk as we neared it. Mid-day found us anchored a quarter-mile off the ragged shore. Not a palm tree. Not a bush. But what appeared to be tall, waving bull-grass covered all the land we could see.

The Malay sailors lowered the small boat and Perry and I climbed in. We each took a pistol. We beached on the white sand. The Malays wouldn't budge from the boat. Frightened. The place was tabu.

The grass was fully six feet high, and thick as dog's hair. I was for plunging into it, but Perry held me back. "Wait," he said. "No use taking chances. This grass is dry; burn easily." He tested the wind. Then touched a lighted match to the grass. It burst into flame and with the off-sea breeze, the fire raced inland. We followed in the wake of the blaze, an increasingly wide swath that left bare, blackened ground.

"Well," said Perry, looking upward. "It seems we've reached the end of the trail. Or the beginning."

"Look there," I said, pointing. A few yards off a series of steps had been cut into the solid rock, leading upward.

"Come on!" said Perry. I fell in behind as we began climbing. It was a steep, hazardous ascent, but we made it in twenty minutes. At the top I heard Perry gasp. Then I saw them—three bleached skeletons! They lay in a little depression on the flat top of the hill.

"Holy mackerel!" cried Perry. He dropped to one knee and began an examination of the bony remains. There was identification aplenty on Stevens' and Maxwell's skeletons, in the form of bill folds which had not deteriorated completely; nor their contents. On the finger of the other skeleton there was a gold signet ring with the initials JHS—undoubtedly Sammons.

"Well," said Perry, "not much else to do, eh?"

I shook my head. Then I looked down the crude stairway we had climbed. "Good gosh!" I cried. "Take a look!"

Perry looked down. "Cobras! King cobras—a dozen of the big brutes, waiting for us!" The huge snakes were all in motion, waving like thick black reeds in the wind, their monstrous hoods distended.

"Easy to see how these poor chaps were trapped up here," said Perry. "They didn't dare to come down."

"How about shooting them?" I suggested.

"Ever try shooting a snake in motion, with a pistol?" Perry

countered. "Even if you're an expert shot, which I'm not, it's next to impossible."

I was getting somewhat alarmed. "Well, we can't stay up here," I said.

"I think I have it," Perry said. "Do you notice that those devils won't crawl over the burned area?"

I did. "All right. We'll burn our way out. Come on!"

We started down the declivity. I didn't quite see how we were going to burn our way out through these horrible snakes. I was thankful for the foresight that had prompted Perry to set fire to the grass, thus making a safe road to the beach.

It was more difficult going down than up. The narrow ledges of stone afforded precarious footing and I never was a champion mountain climber.



Perry was in the lead, about five steps below me. He was probably five feet from the bottom when it happened. The stone I was just about to quit, for the next one, gave way. I yelled, then I hit Perry in the small of the back with my knees. Both of us hurtled down—down into that horrible dozen of deadly cobras!

It must have been fright that sent them slithering back, out of our way. We hit the hard ground in a heap. The breath was knocked from my lungs, but otherwise I was okay. I bounded to my feet, expecting to be bitten in a score of places. Perry was already up, and he was firing at those snakes like an old-time gunman. But his shots were doing little damage. One of the big snakes thrashed

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around, its spine broken by a slug. The others were closing in, hacking us against the stone mountain.

"Get off your coat!" yelled Perry, firing at a hideous head that darted toward us. "Set fire to it!"

I got the garment off, struck a match and started it to burning. Then I began waving it at the snakes. The blazing coat worked like magic. Those ugly cobras began writhing away.

"Keep waving it," said Perry. "Then we'll make a run for it. There—take that!" he cried, blowing the head off a snake that had wriggled near and was in the act of coiling, in order to strike.

"Now!" shouted Perry. "Throw it at them!"

I hurled the blazing coat amongst them, and we went into high. I didn't look back until we'd put at least fifty yards behind us. Those big cobras were still back there, waving like thick black reeds in the wind—waiting.

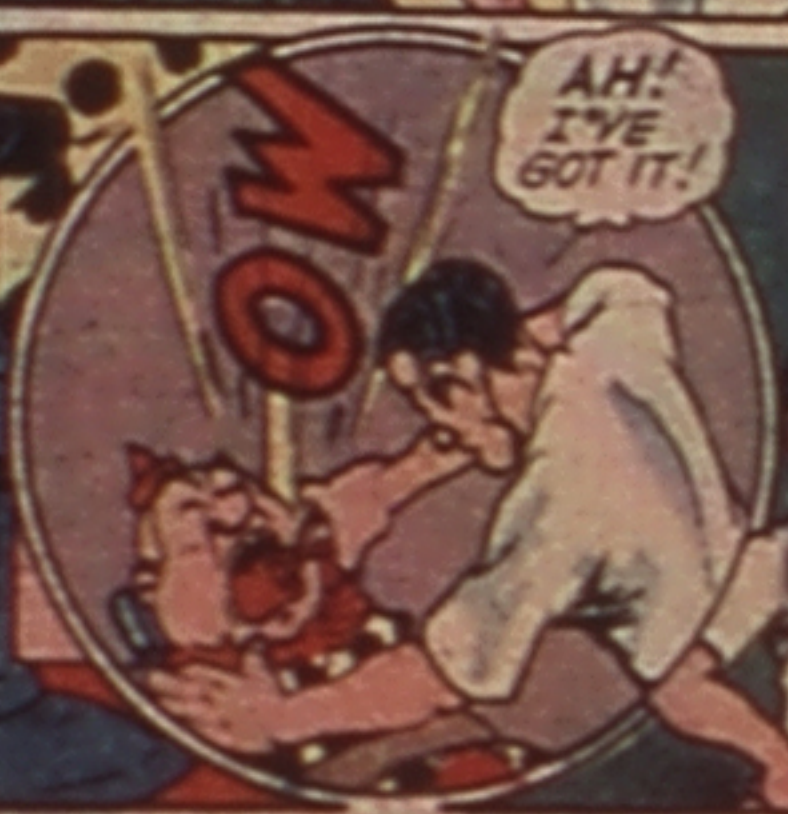
As we crawled into the boat for the return trip to the schooner, Perry said, "We'll bring rifles back and mow those babies down. Then we'll bring off the skeletons and give those poor chaps a decent burial."

That arrangement suited me.

Black Ivory

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE MAY 23rd.

BIG TOP



BIG TOP





A LONE FIGURE STALKS ALONG THE WATERFRONT OF A FOG-BOUND SOUTH PACIFIC PORT.



A HARSH VOICE CALLS OUT FROM A RUSTY OLD TRAMP STEAMER.



CRIMPY!
C'MERE !!

CAP'N SNYDE!
WHAT KIN I
DO FOR YA,
SIR?

I NEED TWO
MEN T'FILL MY
CREW.. THERE'S
FIFTY BUCKS
IN IT IF YOU
GET 'EM!



SOON CRIMPY IS
PROWLING THE DOCKS



'ERE COMES A
BIG 'STRONG
LOOKIN' BLOKE!

HEY
MATEY.
GOT
A LIGHT
?

SURE...
I'VE GOT
SOME
MATCHES.



AS MIKE CARDIGAN HOLDS
UP THE MATCH, A BLACK-
JACK WHISTLES IN A
MURDEROUS ARC...



UGH!

WONDER WHERE
BIG MIKE
STRAYED IN THIS
FOG??



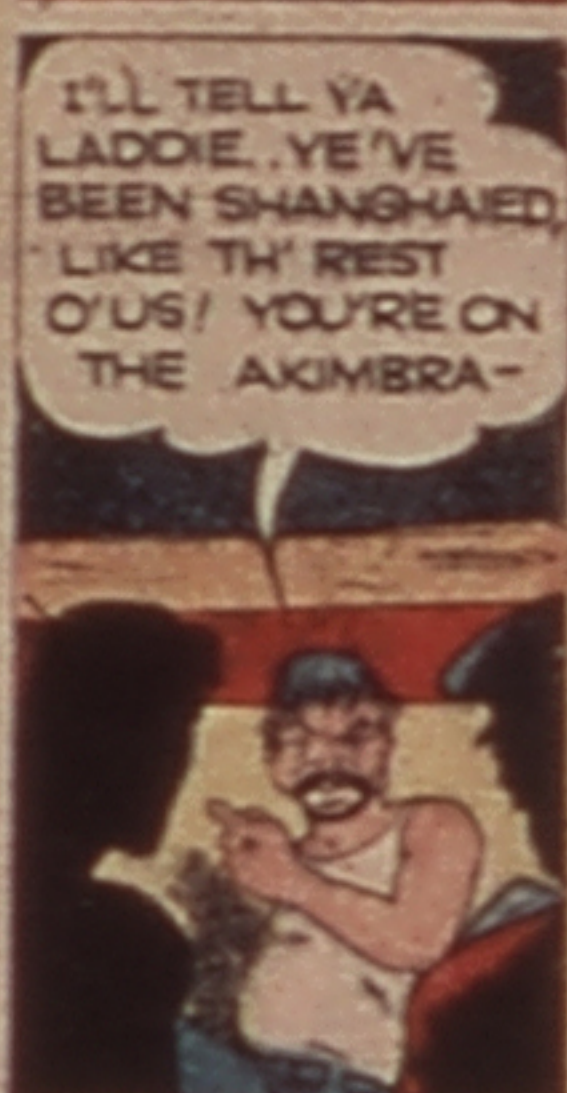
DUSTY DANE
SEEKS HIS FRIEND.

WHAT'S
GOING ON OVER AT
THAT SHIP... MIKE!
THEY'RE TAKING
HIM...



DUSTY RUSHES
ABOARD THE AKIMBRA





THE CREW SLOWLY
APPROACH THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN

CAPTAIN SNYDE—
WE WANT TO KNOW
WHERE WE'RE
GOIN'!



MUTINOUS DOG,
EH? YOU'RE GOIN'
T'DAVY JONES'
LOCKER!



ANY MORE WHO WANT
T'ASK QUESTIONS?
... NO? THEN
BACK T'YOUR
QUARTERS!



THAT
DIRTY
KILLER!
I'LL—

HOLD IT
MIKE— WE
HAVEN'T
GOT A
CHANCE—



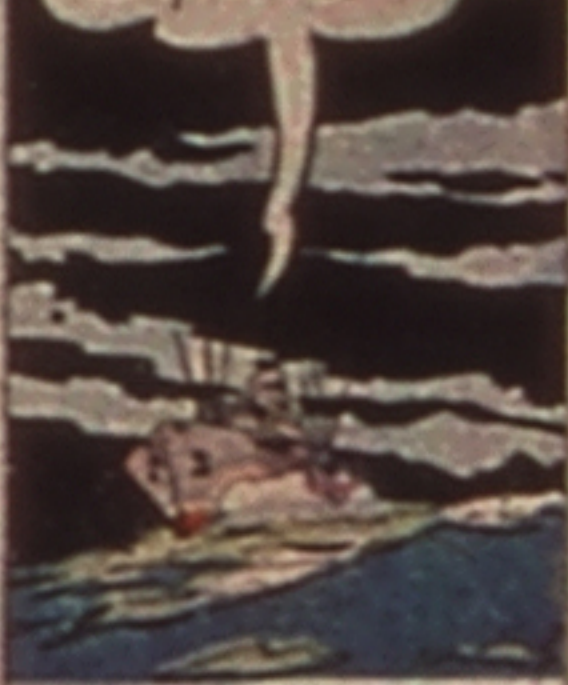
THAT NIGHT, AS
THE CREW IS ABOUT
TO TURN IN...

HEY...
WHERE'S
THAT
LITTLE
LIMEY?

I THINKS
'E WENT
DOWN TO
SAMPLE
THAT RUM
IN THE
HOLD!



WHY THAT CRAZY
LITTLE COOT!!
HE'LL GET SHOT
IF HE'S CAUGHT
DOWN THERE! COME
ON, MIKE!



AND IN
THE CARGO HOLD

THIS AIN'T RUM
—IT'S WATER!



HE BUSILY RIPS OPEN
CASE AFTER CASE.

'TAIN'T RIGHT!!
H'IT'S ALL WATER..
—NOT A BLOOMIN'
BIT OF....
UGHH...



AT THAT MOMENT DUSTY
AND MIKE RUSH IN...

LOOK!
LIMEY'S
BEEN SHOT!



WHY! THIS AIN'T
RUM—IT'S WATER!



I GET IT— THIS
SHIP IS CARRYING
A WORTHLESS
CARGO OF WATER
HEAVILY INSURED
AS RUM... SNYDE
WILL SCUTTLE
THE SHIP AND
COLLECT THE
INSURANCE!



DO TELL! HO! HO!
AND IN JUST A FEW
MINUTES DYNAMITE
WILL BLOW
THIS TUB SKY HIGH!
GET ON DECK,
YOU TWO!



SNYDE SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE DOOMED SHIP IN A MOTOR LAUNCH.

S'LONG SUCKERS! YA'LL BE SHARK BAIT SOON! HO! HO! HO!



THE CREW MADLY RIP OFF LIFE-BOAT COVERS.

THE BOTTOMS ARE ALL STOVE IN! WE'RE DONE FOR!

WAIT! WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE!



SOON A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS THE BOAT APART!



TWO DAYS LATER... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

...SO THE AKIMBRA SANK AND ALL HANDS WAS LOST BUT ME... POOR DEVILS!

I AM READY TO PAY YOU THE SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS INSURANCE!



SUDDENLY A GROUP OF WEATHER-BEATEN MEN FILE INTO THE OFFICE.

WAIT! SNYDE SANK THAT SHIP HIMSELF!

WHAT'S THIS! FRAUD?



SNYDE, YOU FORGOT HATCH COVERS MAKE GOOD RAFTS -AND NO CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP FIRST!!



A GUN BRISTLES IN SNYDE'S HAND...

NICE SPEECH! BUT I'M STILL BOSS!!



YOU WERE! BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE NOW!



WITH SNYDE EXPOSED AND HELD, DUSTY AND BIG MIKE NOW LEAVE THE BUILDING.

MIKE! LOOK! IT'S THAT GUY WHO SHANGHAIED YOU!

OH, YES- GO IT IS- HMMM!



YAAAAA ULP!! D-DON'T!

YOU'VE SENT LOTS OF OTHER MEN T'SEA... NOW YOU'RE GOIN' YOURSELF!



AHH! IT'S A LOVELY DAY!



NEXT MONTH DUSTY DANE AND MIKE WILL AGAIN SAIL DOWN THE COLORFUL TRAIL OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



五十六

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!

By LANK LEONARD

MICKEY FINN

YEAH AND
HE'S TOLD IT
TO SONNY
SO OFTEN
THAT HE
BELIEVES IT
HIMSELF!

MY FATHER!
BREAK YOUR
UNCLE PHIL
IN HALF HE
TOLD ME
HIMSELF!

IM GONNA
TELL MY
UNCLE PHIL
ABOUT
THAT!

WHAT ELSE
DID JOHNNY
BUCKLEY SAY
HIS FATHER
SAID ABOUT
ME?

HE SAID YOU
WERE LAZY
AND AN OLD
WINDBAG,
AND A A

STOP/ THAT'S
ENOUGH/ I'LL
MAKE HIM APOLOGIZE/
GET MY
THAT/

BUT MR
BUCKLEY IS
TWICE YOUR
SIZE. HE'LL
HUMILIATE YOU
IN FRONT OF
GONNY!

THE BIGGER
THEY ARE
THE HARDER
THEY
FALL!

YOU WAIT
RIGHT HERE,
SONNY..YOU'RE
TOO YOUNG TO
SEE ANY OF
THIS!

YEAH, I SAID YOU WERE
LAZY AND YOU ARE!
I SAID YOU WERE AN
OLD WINDBAG AND
YOU ARE!

AND
FURTHER-
MORE...

HE'LL PROBABLY
TELL JOHNNY A
HORSE KICKED HIM,
BUT THAT'S WHAT THEY
ALL SAY WHEN I HIT 'EM!

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

LET'S PLAY
FOLLOW
THE
LEADER!

OKAY BUT
I'VE GOTTA
BE THE
LEADER!

GEE NIPPIE
ARE YA
GONNA GO
THROUGH
THAT OLD
SMOKESTACK?

SURE,
I AIN'T
AFRAID!

HABA-WE DIDN'T
FOLLOW, SO
YOU WIN!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR
UNCLE OWNEY
IS VISITIN'
YOU, AGAIN,
EH, MICKEY?

YES, TOM.
UNCLE PHIL
CAN'T SEEM
TO REALIZE
OWNEY'S
NOTHIN' BUT
A CHISELER!

I'M GOIN' TO A
CARD PARTY
WITH A WEALTHY
WIDOW NAMED
FANNY BURNS
TONIGHT, OWNEY.
YOU WON'T MIND
BEIN' LEFT
ALONE?

NOT AT
ALL, PHIL.

AND YOUR
TWO RIVALS,
OSHEA AND
O'DOUL.
THEY'RE GOIN'
ALONG TOO?

YES, HOW
CAN I GET
RID OF
THEM?

FANNY DON'T
KNOW ME, PHIL.
AND NEITHER
DO YOUR TWO
RIVALS. IT
WOULD BE
EASY!

A SWELL
IDEA, OWNEY.
FANNY KNOWS
THEY BOTH
WORK FOR
THE SAME
FIRM!

THEN SHE
CAN'T GO
TONIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M HER GARDENER
AND SHE ASKED
ME TO TELL YOU!
SORRY, MR. OSHEA

THAT'S RIGHT,
MR. ODOUL! I'M
HER NEIGHBOR AND
SHE ASKED ME TO
COME OVER... AND
TELL YOU

I SEE,
THANKS!

NOW, YOU'LL
TELL FANNY
THEY CAN'T GO
ON ACCOUNT OF
A SPECIAL
LODGE
MEETING!

RIGHT! I'LL
SAY I WORK
IN THEIR
OFFICE...
BUT YOU'LL
HAFTA BUY
FLOWERS THAT
THEY'RE SUPPOSED
TO HAVE
SENT!

HERE'S FANNY'S
ADDRESS,
OWNEY! I
SURE
APPRECIATE
THIS!

JUST
LEAVE IT
TO ME,
PHIL!

I'M FANNY
BURNS!

MY, MY! I HAD
NO IDEA YOU
WERE SO
BEAUTIFUL!

YOU OUGHT TO
BE ASHAMED,
PUTTIN' IT
OVER ON O'DOUL
AND O'SHEA
LIKE THAT!

ALL'S
FAIR IN
LOVE
AND
WAR!

YOU MEAN HE
TOLD FANNY
I HAD TO GO
TO ATTEND
THE MEETING
TOO?!

YEAH, AND
HE SURE
MADE A
HIT... YOU
OUGHTA TRY
BRINGIN'
FLOWERS TOO
GOMETIME!

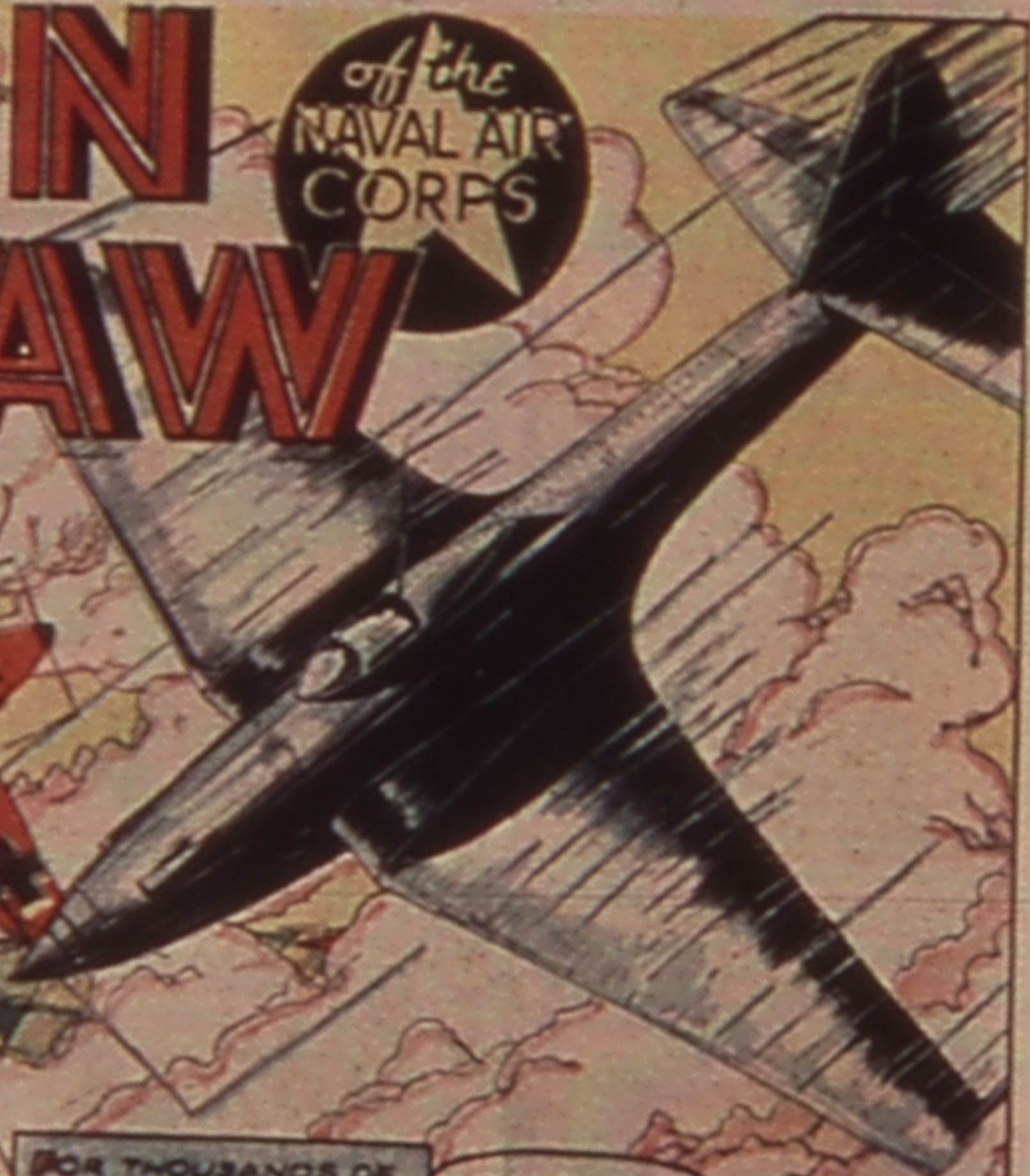
WHAT'S
TRUMPS,
OWNEY?

BRAINS, MY
DEAR... BR... I
MEAN...
HEARTS!

SPIN SHAW

of the
NAVAL AIR
CORPS

by Rex Smith



FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES ON LAND, AT SEA AND IN THE AIR, THE MONROE DOCTRINE INSURES THE NEW WORLD'S SAFETY. SPIN SHAW DOES HIS PART TO PRESERVE THIS SECURITY.

HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S A JERRY
WARPLANE!



SPIN TAKES IT EASY AT A NEW NAVAL AIR BASE IN THE WEST INDIES... HE WATCHES WITH KEEN INTEREST THE OVERHAULING OF HIS SHIP.

A HERO-WORSHIPPING 'GREASEMONKEY' LAPS UP SPIN'S STORIES...

SHE'S BEEN IN MORE TIGHT SQUEAKS THAN YOU CAN COUNT, AND SHE SLID OUT OF ALL OF 'EM!

QUICK! WARM UP THAT NEW SHIP! I'M GOING TO SEE ABOUT THIS!



THAT SILVER BABY'S SEEN PLENTY OF ACTION!

YOUR SHIP WILL BE READY IN AN HOUR, CAPTAIN SHAW!



GEE-E!

HEY! I HEAR A PLANE!



RIGHT!

THE NEW SHIP LEAPS FROM THE GROUND SO FAST THAT EARTH SPINS DIZZILY BENEATH HIM.



NOBODY'S ALLOWED TO FLY OVER AMERICAN FORTIFICATIONS AND THAT GUY'S AN ALIEN BESIDES!...GOOD THING THIS BUGGY IS FAST!



PULLING THE THROTTLE FULL OUT, SPIN SOARS AFTER THE FLEEING JERRY PLANE.



BUT... SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE'S GETTING AWAY!...AND I'VE GIVEN THIS CRATE TOP SPEED!



THE ALIEN PILOT GLOATS...

HEH! HEH! HE WON'T GET ME. I'VE GOOD PICTURES OF THIS BASE TOO! OUR LEADER WILL BE PLEASED!



BAH! THESE AMERICAN PLANES...SO INFERIOR!



UH-OH. WHAT'S THIS? THE NEW MODEL CARRIES ANOTHER LEVER. MAYBE IT'LL GIVE ME MORE SPEED!

THE FOREIGN PILOT SEES SPIN SPURT AHEAD WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF POWER.



ACH HIMMEL! HOW...? BUT I MUST GET AWAY!

SPIN PURSUES HIM AT BREATH-TAKING VELOCITY.



SPEED? AND HOW! I'VE SMASHED MY STARBOARD WING INTO HIM! HOW'D I DO IT?

WITH THEIR WINGS BADLY DAMAGED, BOTH SHIPS ARE FORCED DOWN INTO THE SEA.



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SPYING ON THIS BASE!

THE ALIEN JUMPS FROM HIS WING TIP ONTO SPIN'S PLANE.

GRAB MY HAND! EVEN THOUGH I MUST ARREST YOU I'D HATE TO SEE YOU DROWN!

BUT...

NO, KAMERAD I WON'T DROWN...

MAYBE YOU WILL HAT HAT

SPIN COMES UP AS WET AND ANGRY AS A FIGHTING COCK.

THAT'S GRATITUDE? WELL...

LESSON ONE IN ETIQUETTE, BUD?

HE REACHES OUT HIS HAND.

HIMMEL! UG.. GLUG!

SPIN APPLIES THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

YOU'RE MORE MANAGEABLE UNCONSCIOUS!

SUDDENLY A FAST TORPEDO BOAT SKIMS TO THE SINKING PLANES.

THERE HE IS!

YEP...HE'S HOLDIN' UP ANOTHER GUY!

CAPTAIN SHAW? YOU O.K.?

SURE! SURE! NOW PUT THIS FELLOW IN STORAGE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, COLONEL GRAVES REPRIMANDS SPIN SHARPLY.

YOU HAD SPECIFIC ORDERS NOT TO TRY THAT NEW SHIP! YOU CAUGHT A JERRY SPY BUT DID YOU HAVE TO WRECK THE PLANE DOIN' IT?!

AND IF THAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, YOU DELIBERATELY DISOBEYED MY ORDERS! YOU'RE GROUNDED, SHAW FOR INSUBORDINATION UNDERSTAND?!

YES, SIR

AS SPIN WALKS TO HIS QUARTERS

WHEN? COLONEL SURE LET LOOSE ON ME? HE WAS RIGHT THOUGH. HEY! ISN'T THAT MY PRISONER? WHY'S HE OUT OF THE JUG?

THE PRISONER JUMPS INTO A SQUAD CAR

I'LL GET HELP FROM THE LEADER TO MAKE MY ESCAPE COMPLETE!

HE ROARS DOWN THE ROAD WITH SPIN BEHIND HIM.

AT A TELEGRAPH OFFICE HE STOPS TO SEND A MESSAGE

NOW I GO TO THE AIRPORT AND WAIT!

HE SURE WAS IN A RUSH... 16 VENTURA BOULEVARD!

SPIN DASHES INTO THE OFFICE

FRANK! WHERE DID THAT GUY WIRE TO?

GOLLY! THAT'S NEAR OUR NEW FIELD! I'LL TELL COLONEL GRAVES!

MEANWHILE THE AGENT IS PICKED UP AT THE CITY AIRPORT BY A WAITING PLANE.

HELLO, HANS! TAKE ME TO OUR HEAD-QUARTERS!

SPIN RELATES THE INCIDENT TO COLONEL GRAVES

THE SPY ESCAPED? THEN TAKE THE OTHER NEW SHIP AND GO AFTER HIM!

THANK YOU!

BUT, THIS TIME YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT AND IF YOU CRASH THAT SHIP, GROUNDING WON'T BE THE ONLY PENALTY YOU'LL GET!

IN THE NEW SHIP, SPIN SOARS INTO THE CLOUDS...

I'LL BE RIGHT! THAT ADDRESS IS SPY QUARTERS... I HOPE!

AFTER A HALF HOUR.

THERE IT IS!
OH-OH! BUT
THEY'RE TAK-
ING OFF!



IMMEDIATELY HE DIVES AT
THE UPCOMING PLANES.

SIX OR SEVEN!
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
THAT
MANY!



AT BREATHTAKING SPEED
HE ENGAGES THE LEADING
SPY PLANE.



MORE AND MORE ZOOM
UP UNTIL SPIN IS
COMPLETELY OUT-
NUMBERED.



TWISTING AND WEAVING
THROUGH THE MAZE OF
SHIPS, SPIN SENDS ROUND
AFTER ROUND OF BULLETS
INTO THEM.



AH!
GOT
ONE!

THE STRICKEN SHIP
IN FLAMES FALLS
EARTHWARD.



COMING OUT OF HIS DIVE, HE
FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR
ALTITUDE.



CAN'T
HOLD OUT
MUCH LONG-
ER.. THIS
SHIP IS
RIDDLED
WITH
SHOT!

SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE,
SPIN'S BUDDIES COME FROM
THEIR BASE.



OH BOY! HERE'S
HELP BUT WAIT
TILL THE COLO-
NEL SEES
HIS NEW
PLANE!

LATER...

TAKE A FURLOUGH, SPIN,
AND FORGET ABOUT THE
WRECKED SHIPS... I HAVE
TO HAND IT TO YOU.
YOU'RE SPY-BAITER
NUMBER ONE!



More of Spin Shaw in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 23rd.

BIKE TIRES BUILT LIKE PLANES



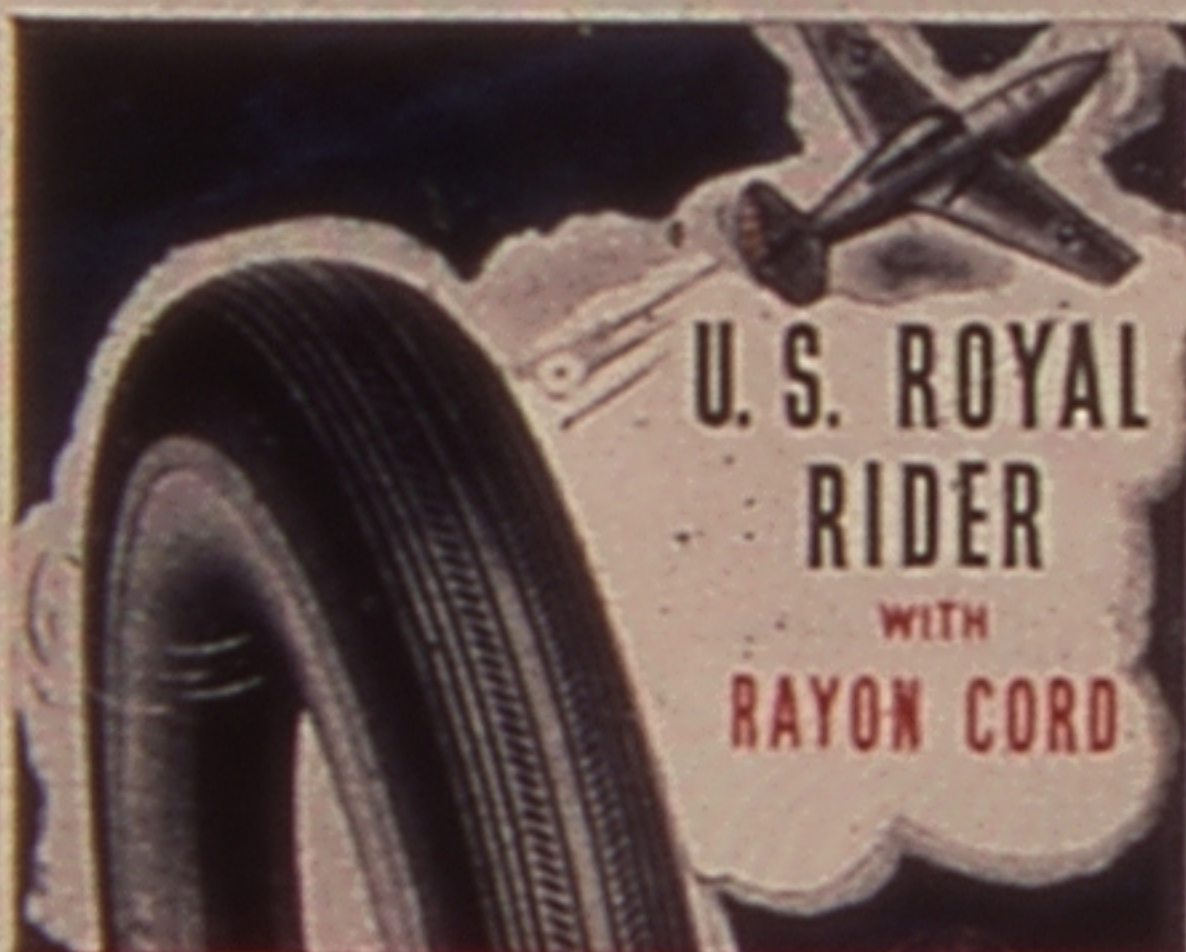
SPEED

Legs driving a bike sprocket and pistons driving a crankshaft are a lot alike. Dead weight saps their energy. That's why in the newest plane engines and in U.S. Royal Rider Tires with Rayon Cord, non-working weight has been cut to zero. Result: more power per pound. More speed!



CONTROL

Note the big specially designed rudder surfaces on these speedy Army fighters. Why? Answer: speed is useless without control. Then note Royal Riders' 7 riding ribs plus two safety slot traction ribs. They control skids on wet roads or dry.



STRENGTH

Duralumin, beryllium and magnesium provide the bonework of the latest U. S. airplanes. Strength plus lightness is the order of the day. And in the U.S. Royal Rider with Rayon Cord you get just that—a bike tire built like a plane.



If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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